TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED IN 1836 — TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1923 — EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR

FARMERS MUST CUT PRODUCTION OF THEIR CROPS

Wallace Believes in Meeting Demand; Says Export Trade Not Cause of Low Prices.

Warning to American farmers that unless production is fairly well adjusted to demand, prices will be disappointing and that low prices of the last three years have not been due to reduction of agricultural exports, was given by Secretary Wallace of the department of agriculture.

"A great many people seem to have had the notion that the low prices for farm products during the last three years has been due to a reduction of our exports," said Mr. Wallace. "Under this misconception they have urged the adoption of various political and economic devices which they thought might increase agriculture exports. The fact of the matter is that our exports of farm products during the last three years have been far greater than before the war and greater even than during the war years.

Exports Greater.

"Take our eight principal food crops, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, rice and potatoes. The average annual exports of these eight crops for the years 1920 to 1922 inclusive, were 142 per cent greater than the average annual exports of those same crops for the years 1905 to 1914 inclusive. The total volume of exports of those crops, measured in bushels, was even greater by 18 per cent during the post war years, 1920 to 1922 inclusive than during what we may call the war years, 1915 to 1919 inclusive.

"In the case of animal food products our average annual exports during the pre-war years, 1905 to 1914 inclusive, amounted to 921,000 tons. During the war years, 1915 to 1919 inclusive, our exports more than doubled, being an average of 2,023,000 tons. During the post war years, 1920 to 1922 inclusive, our exports amounted to 1,410,000 tons, an increase of 52 per cent over the pre-war period.

Producing More.

"From these statistics it ought to be perfectly clear that low prices for farm products were not caused by the lack of proper export demand. We have been producing more than in pre-war years. In the case of the eight crops named the average annual production in bushels was 16 per cent greater during the post war years 1920 to 1922 inclusive, than during the pre-war years. Not only was the production of these crops greater than in pre-war years, but it was more than 2 per cent greater than during the war years of 1915 to 1919.

"Unless production is fairly well adjusted to demand, prices will be disappointing. We are far more dependent upon Europe for markets for our cotton than for our food products, and the price of cotton is now depressed.

"In considering the matter of future exports of our agricultural products it must be remembered that the probable tendency will be downward. European agriculture is becoming more productive and no doubt economic conditions are becoming more stable. As normal conditions in Europe are re-established their purchases of our surplus will become more normal."

U. S. Army Swords Made in Germany

Charges that officers in the United States army and navy wear, as part of their regulation equipment, swords made in Germany will be investigated by a special committee of the Civilian club of New York, it was disclosed recently. In the event it is proved that Germany is the source of the sidearms the committee's findings will be forwarded to the authorities in Washington.

Announcement of the investigation was made after F. J. H. Kracke, appraiser of the port of New York, had exhibited a sword in the course of an address, showing members of the club the words, "Made in Germany" stamped into the metal. He said the weapon was one of 1,000 to arrive at the port of New York in the last year. All were designed for use by army and navy officers, he added.

U. S. Flotilla to Go to Many Countries

With the double purpose of giving the ships a thorough shakedown and of extending the fraternal acquaintanceship of the United States with other countries, the navy department has announced a series of foreign cruises during the Summer for the new scout cruiser flotilla soon to be commissioned and for the new battleship Colorado.

The Richmond built in Philadelphia will go to Scotland and Spain, visiting all the important ports. The Milwaukee which will be commissioned in Puget Sound will cruise to Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii and the Detroit, built in Quincy, Mass., will go to Gibraltar, Naples, Venice, Port Said and other points of interest in that section of the world. Itineraries for the Colorado and the other scout cruisers of the Milwaukee class are being arranged.

26 Pups Are Born to Hound Mother

"Dido," a hound owned by W. B. F. Johnson, a director of the Virginia Fox Hunters' association, is believed to have established a world's record for dog motherhood. She recently became the mother of a litter of 26 pups which, local experts declare, is 10 more than the previous record. Mother and pups are doing well. "Dido" is regarded as one of the best fox hounds in the state.

Premier Martyr

M. Stamboulisky

Copyright, P. & A. Photo.

M. Stamboulisky was forced to flee when his government was overthrown by the military party in Bulgaria, but was captured and killed. The premier headed the peasants of the Balkan nation who held the reigns of government until the recent revolt.

USE STARVATION TO SUBDUE RUHR

Foodstuffs Are Held Up by French; Red Organizations Give Relief.

The French have seized 170 locomotives and 2,000 freight cars on branch lines between Dortmund and Essen, thus virtually completing French control of the Ruhr transportation lines. The food situation at Dortmund, Bochum and other points is growing more serious daily as the result of French seizure.

Recently 412 freight cars with food were brought into Essen by Germans over private lines not yet occupied, but the great difficulty is to distribute food to the consumers. The Germans are planning to use interurban tramways and automobile trucks, but that method is not well organized. The Germans say that Dortmund and Bochum are without butter, eggs, milk and cheese.

The town of Witten also is said to be hard pressed. Twenty-five hundred of the inhabitants there are being supplied with bread by the Communist relief organizations, which received supplies of wheat from Moscow, the French says.

The Germans say that much fresh milk and other perishable foods and necessaries have been held up at Dortmund because of the occupation by the French. The French answer that the fault lies with the Germans. They have the privilege of transporting food to Bochum and other points if they are willing to cooperate with the French, it is said. That would necessitate a conference between the French and German officials before trains could be operated, and in the eyes of the Germans would be contrary to the passive resistance plans inaugurated when the French and Belgians entered the Ruhr in January.

The relief workers in Dortmund and other places say the food situation is serious.

At meetings of the Ruhr workers plans to overcome the difficulty caused by the food shortage were discussed. The workers say that prices already have begun to soar and they view the situation with much alarm.

Edison's Son Gets "Ignorance" Degree

Thomas A. Edison, who has been quoted as believing college graduates to be "uninformed and ignorant white collar experts," watched his son, Thomas Miller Edison, receive a degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

For this college graduate, Mr. Edison said, there is a job waiting in the Edison plant without the preliminary mental test usually insisted on for candidates.

"My son is a physicist and mathematician and I am no mathematician," said the inventor. "If his mathematics are not too professional he can work with me, but if his mathematics shoot off in the Einstein direction he will be practically of no use at all." Thomas Miller Edison said that he would accept the job and attempt to show his father something about college men.

Woman Weds Stricken Man; Widow in 6 Hours

Miss Margaret Lynch Leary, a business woman of Sharpsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh, became a widow in six hours after her marriage by the death of James T. Leary, a court official. Although told by physicians that his death was a matter of hours, Leary insisted upon the wedding, the ceremony being performed in a hospital with the man propped up in bed. The marriage was to have taken place earlier in the month, but was postponed when Leary became ill six weeks ago.

'No Moonshine' Clause in Leases for Farms

Owners of small tracts in the farm country adjacent to Spokane, Wash., are writing "no moonshining" clauses into their leases. Real estate firms dealing in tract leasing are planning to insert similar clauses in standard leases.

Any tract advertised for lease near a town in eastern Washington brings applications from moonshiners, especially if it has good water supply. As high as $50 a month is offered for small tracts almost useless for agriculture.

WAR MENACE IN BALKANS DYING; PREMIER KILLED

Tranquility Being Restored in Bulgaria After Peasant Leader Is Captured and Slain.

Bulgaria is rapidly becoming tranquil and fears of a new Balkan war arising from the Bulgarian resolution are unfounded, it was announced at the London foreign office Monday.

Alexander Stamboulisky, premier of Bulgaria from the time the peasant government was formed under his leadership in 1918 until he was overthrown by the Bulgarian army, was killed in the village of Vetren near his native town of Slavoritza.

He was shot in the course of an attempt by a party of peasants to rescue him from guards who had captured him after a three day's pursuit.

Lieutenant Kills Self.

Lieutenant Raspaloff of the regular army, who deserted to the Agrarian side with all his company, committed suicide when his capture was imminent. Stamboulisky's brother, one of the staunchest defenders of the former premier's residence at Slavovitza, has been captured.

One of the first acts of the new Bulgarian government has been to suspend those laws passed by the Agrarians which were regarded as infringing on the constitution. The standard Bulgarian orthography, which was modified by the previous government by dropping several letters, has been re-established and all the newspapers, including those suppressed by the former regime, have appeared in the old style.

Lower Costs Sought.

An appeal has been made to business men, workers and others to contribute toward lowering the cost of the necessaries of life.

The cabinet has decided to grant 50,000 leva to all families who lost relatives under the Stamboulisky regime.

M. Oboff, former minister of agriculture, is the only member of the old cabinet to succeed in evading arrest. He escaped to Rumania.

CLASS STARTS STRIKE ON EVE OF GRADUATION

High School Seniors Refuse Diplomas in Row Over Annual Roast.

With three exceptions, all members of the senior class of the high school in Newport, Ky., went on strike, refusing to attend their own graduation exercises.

Forty boys and girls refused to go on the stage to receive their diplomas, and they and a multitude of friends "gummed" the ceremony by hisses and hoots.

On the stage were two girls, one of them in tears all evening, and one boy who remained only because his father forced him to do so.

The strike arose over a difference with the faculty as to a class "roast." Wesley Bowen, delegated by the class to draft a humorous "razz" on the school and teachers, applied too much mirthsome "literature," said Principal C. W. Craft.

Professor Craft ruled that young Bowen had to apologize from the stage in order to obtain his diploma.

Boy Fractures Arm; Sees Game Anyway

A little thing like a fractured arm doesn't prevent Arthur Lambert, 10-year-old son of Policeman James Lambert of Waterloo, Ia., from seeing a ball game. Arthur fell when he was on his way to the Mississippi Valley league park here, but went to the baseball game although his arm "hurt a little."

After the young fan returned home physicians discovered the fracture and had some difficulty making adjustment.

POWERS FROWN ON COMPROMISE OF RUM RULING

Nations Do Not Like 12-Mile Limit Arrangement Proposed by American Secretary of State.

Secretary of State Hughes' proposal to solve the dry ship dilemma by extending the three-mile limit to 12 miles has been given a distinctive cold reception by the powers.

While officially speaking, the proposition is being "carefully considered" by the foreign offices in London, Paris, Tokio and other world capitals, actually there is very little chance that the treaties proposed by Secretary Hughes ever will be undertaken, it is said in diplomatic circles.

The attitude of the world powers, as gleaned from diplomatic sources, apparently may be summed up as follows:

"Why should we scrap an important part of international law simply to help the United States enforce a domestic law of which we do not approve."

Resentment Keen.

For instance French resentment against the American prohibition law has always been keen. The wine industry is France's greatest and the American market was her greatest market after the collapse of Russia. French public opinion would not sanction the compromise, even if the French government were so inclined, it is said.

British opinion is similar to that of the French.

The foreign governments also take the view that the dilemma in which the administration finds itself with respect to the dry seas ruling is largely one of its own making. They contend that the administration does not necessarily have to enforce the dry law, affecting foreign ships, as literally as it is attempting to, and they back up the contention by citing the decision of the United States supreme court.

No Mandate Laid Down.

They contend that the supreme court did not lay a mandate on the executive branch of the government to enforce the Volstead law to the letter within American territorial waters, but only held that the government could enforce it, if it so desired. They point out the language of the court:

"Of course, the local sovereign (in this case the American government) may, out of consideration of public policy choose to forego the exertion of its jurisdiction, or to exert the same in a limited way, but this is a matter resting solely in its discretion."

There, diplomats say, the supreme court itself has pointed the way by which the administration can find its way out of international complications. The court had set the seal of its approval on the governments' using its "own discretion" as to how far to go in enforcing the Volstead act.

Aged Sweethearts Elope Just Like "Young 'Uns"

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

Almost four score and ten, these lovers two, Mark Combe, 83, and Kate Martin, 88, both of Chattanooga, Tenn., eloped the other day and were married by a "marrying justice of the peace" in Rossville, Ga., across the line from Chattanooga. They are one of the oldest couples ever married in that section of the country.

MINT HALTS SILVER BUYING

Government Has Supply Sufficient to Last Several Years.

Director Scobey of the mint has closed the treasury books to all offers of silver for purchase by the government and, it was officially stated, no further tenders are likely to be accepted for two or three years.

Actual treasury purchases of silver ended June 1 when offers estimated at two hundred million ounces had been received under the Pittman act. Since the offers all were on the basis of estimates Mr. Scobey had no way of ascertaining definitely whether the amount required by the law would be entirely filled. Consequently, he has continued to receive and file offers.

The two hundred million ounces purchased is to replace that loaned by the treasury to Great Britain for use in India during the war. When that bullion is again in its vaults, the government will be out of the silver market.

Officials believe the treasury will have no further need for additional stocks for several years.

Hoe Turns up Diamond

Increase in gardening is reported as a result of Curtis Hilton of Barrington, Ill., turning up a diamond ring when he hoed his flower bed.

Flag Song

* * * *

All Urged to Learn It

President Harding urged the American Legion's flag conference in Washington last week to adopt a code of rules and regulations for the proper display of the flag and to include a provision that every American citizen should learn to sing the national anthem.

"While you are adopting a code whereby the citizenship of America may show due reverence to the flag," the President said in an address to the conference, "I would like you to go a step further and insist upon Americans being able to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

HISSING GHOST HAUNTS CASTLE NEAR THAMES

Residents Report They See Apparitions Flitting in the Shadows.

It's a royal ghost, [illegible] to blame for recent nightly disturbances reported from the riversids folks of Datchet on Thames?

The question is exciting Windsor and surrounding villages.

Strange apparitions are reported in the dead of night near an old monastery connected with St. Helen's. Subterranean passages run from the ruins of the monastery to unexplored depths, but it is stated that there is one passage which leads to Windsor Castle.

Ernest Sclan declares that he recently saw the ghostly form of a woman hovering about the monastery ruins, and when he approached the figure disappeared with a hissing sound.

Other residents report that they have seen apparitions and heard the sounds of beautiful singing coming from the monastery at night.

Irish Establish Film Censorship

The Irish government is establishing a national censorship of cinema pictures. Hitherto managers have been carrying on such censorship as was provided in England, and many films were uncensored, but there was no uniformity and some public complaint of the exhibition of objectionable films was heard.

The new censorship will supersede all others. Every film must be viewed by the national censor, and the exhibition of any uncensored film will be punished by heavy penalties.

SEEKS TO CURB MAN SMUGGLERS

Harding to Urge Remedy for Illegal Entry Into United States.

President Harding expects to call to the attention of the next congress, with a view to enactment of remedial legislation, the increasing number of aliens being smuggled into the United States.

This announcement was made at the White House where it was said that the President feels the steadily increasing bootlegging of aliens as a serious problem. The government, it was said, is attempting vigorously to prevent the illegal entrance of aliens and liquor, one of which is regarded about as troublesome as the other.

Collusion Is Seen.

Government officials, who have have studied the problem arising from the smuggling of aliens, were said to be somewhat apprehensive of collusion in the countries from [illegible] aliens come, although recognizing that any such collusion is without sanction of the home governments.

Secretary Davis, who has been studying for several months measures to stop the illegal admission of aliens, estimated on the basis of latest reports that there are in New York approximately 5,000 Chinese who gained admission to the United States in violation of law. Their deportation, even if they could be arrested, would be an almost impossible task, the secretary asserted, adding that to deport the Chinese in New York alone would cost the government at least a million dollars.

Would Enroll Aliens.

The labor secretary also told the President that he regarded enrollment of aliens in this country as the only feasible method of stopping illegal entry of immigrants, since he believed that even if the entire army and navy were used to guard the nation's borders "immigrant smuggling" could not be stopped. An alien enrollment bill already has the indorsement of the administration and is expected to come up for action at the next session.

Connecticut Shakes Off Town Meeting

The old-fashioned town meeting form of government is passing in Connecticut where it originated, and during the present year the populous towns of Torrington and Milford will become cities.

Torrington, in population, ranks ahead of many cities in the states because of its huge manufacturing plants, while Milford, with a purely Summer resort town, with many miles of shorefront on Long Island sound, believes its $50,000 additional Summer residents woul dprefer a city government.

With the two new cities Connecticut will have 22 with that form of government. Greenwich, home of many wealthy New Yorkers, becomes the most populous town in the state, as well as the richest.

Hungarian Woman, 125, Active, Healthy

The latest entrant for international old age honors is a Hungarian woman by the name of Antonia Lippal, whose age is authenticated at 125 years. She is reported to be in excellent health and active.

In answer to inquiries as to her health, Antonia says she wore glasses until she was 95, but since then she has been able to see clearly without artificial aid. She has been a widow for 50 years, and earns a living by giving medical advice in her community.

Wet Leader Charges Ohio Abuses Citizens

A charge that prohibition officers in Ohio have restorted to "terrorist methods scarcely exceeded by the communistic regime in Russia," was made in a statement issued by W. H. Stayton, head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

The statement quoted a letter written by Dwight Cusick, a New Lexington lawyer, to the effect that in Perry county search warrants had been used improperly, householders had been mistreated, and those who showed dislike for prohibition had been imposed on by the "planting" of evidence and in other ways.

MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION; LAVA FLOODS TOWNS

Tons of Rock and Ashes, Rivers of Molten Lava Devastate Farms, Towns and Vineyards.

Mount Etna, in violent eruption, is laying waste the surrounding countryside.

Great rivers of molten rock, pouring down the steep sides of the mountain from numerous fissures, are overwhelming all before them, and the inhabitants of the surrounding settlements are fleeing in despair while crops and homes disappear under the hissing flood.

The main crater of Etna, after the fitful displays last week, suddenly opened up at midnight June 17 with a noise like the firing of a thousand cannon.

There were subterranean rumblings, flames shot into the sky and the populations of the little towns about the base of the cone fled to the plains.

See Towns Isolated.

Five great cracks opened in the northeastern side of the mountain and from these mouths, several kilometers from the old crater, came streams of lava.

Thousands of tons of rocks and ashes were hurled to a height of from 30 to 60 feet from both the old and new craters, and the lava streams, advancing on a frontage estimated at 500 yards, laid waste the vineyards and forests in their paths and progressed at a speed of a mile and a quarter an hour.

Isolated houses, left early by their occupants, long acquainted with Etna's habits, were speedily devastated. The important railway station of Castiglione was destroyed.

City Surrounded by Lava.

Linguaglossa, which is some 10 miles from the central crater, was surrounded by lava. Several houses in the town collapsed, but the 16,000 inhabitants got away safely.

Cerro was also enveloped, and most of the villages in the neighborhood were quickly deserted.

The sky was dull with smoke and cinders and dust fell heavily over a large area.

The sight of the first fugitives from the danger zone coming into Messina, coupled with the terrifying subterranean noises heard there, drove hundreds of citizens of that town to the seashore for safety.

No loss of life has been reported.

While the town of Linguaglossa is about 10,000 feet distant from the old crater, the eruption from the new crater was about 1,000 feet nearer, thus making the danger more imminent.

Lava 30 feet deep and a mile and a half wide came rolling down on the doomed villages in its path, sweeping over orange and lemon groves and burning up forests.

The hamlet of Piccilo, Pallamelata and Ferro were completely burned, but it is thought that all the inhabitants and cattle escaped.

Carabineers, Fascisti and national militia hastened to the scene of the catastrophe with a large number of lorries and aided in transporting the inhabitants and their most valuable household goods.

PARADISE FOR DRYS IS FOUND IN SOUTH SEAS

Natives of Isle in Bay of Bengal Never Use Any "Fire Water."

An island where absolute prohibition has been in effect for centuries and where bootlegging is unknown, has been found by Captain Edward A. Salisbury, an explorer, who returned in steamship Conte Rosso after a cruise to the South Seas. The dry paradise is one of the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal between Burmah and Siam, where tribal customs for centuries have enforced absolute prohibition, Captain Salisbury said.

The natives know nothing of intoxicants and are not interested. Several who tried grog offered them by sailors of the Wisdom, he declared, said the liquid was possessed of the Devil.

U. S. Sues Ford R. R. on Overwork Issue

Charging violation of the "hours of service" act for railroad employes the government filed suit against the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad Co., owned by Henry Ford, Detroit automobile manufacturer, for recovery of $500 alleged to be due as penalty.

In the petition the government charges that Charles W. Staub, employed as a telegraph operator, was on duty at the Bainbridge, O., station of the company from 10 P. M. on Oct. 29, 1922, to 6 A. M. on Oct. 30, and at the Greenfield station from 2 P. M. Oct. 30 to 10:20 P. M. on Oct. 30, in violation of the law, which limits service of railroad employes to nine hours within a 24-hour period.

Carnegie Foundation President to Quit

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett who, as president of the Carnegie foundation gives away the annual income of $40,000,000 and also supervises the expenditure of the income of a $25,000,000 fund, told friends in Denver he would resign the presidency of the Carnegie corporation next October. Dr. Pritchett did not go into detail, but said that Dr. Frederick Keppell, formerly dean of Columbia university and also assistant secretary of war, would become the corporation's president at that time.

When he was president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology years ago Dr. Pritchett persuaded Andrew Carnegie to establish the foundation that now bears his name.

16 Men Battle Hissing Rapids; 2 Are Victims of Whirling Waters

The story of a fight of 14 prospectors and two boatmen against the tumbling Sturgeon rapids on the northern stretches of the Ottawa river—a fight in which two men lost their lives—reached Ontario recently.

The party was cruising in the speedboat Swallow toward the newly discovered gold fields of northern Quebec.

The engine stopped within a few hundred feet of the rapids. Immediately nine prospectors sprang into their trailing canoes and paddling furiously, attempted to tow the launch near enough to shore to permit a line being snubbed around a tree.

But the current was strong and the strength of the miners waned. Steadily the flotilla drifted closer to the rapids. Then the tow lines were dropped. The canoes made shore, but their margin of safety was measured in inches.

The motorboat was caught in the swirling waters. There was a crash as it struck a rock and four of the seven who remained aboard were hurled into the seething rapids.

The three in the boat, facing death, still thought of their comrades a step nearer the great beyond. Overboard went ropes—four of them. Only one reached groping hands. W. Howie was pulled aboard; two other men, Lawton and Dolan, perished and the engineer of the launch, swept through the rapids, was washed ashore, unconscious but alive.

The four still remaining in the launch reached shore safely after the Swallow, passing through the falls, sank in shallow water.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

WE FOLLOW the news from day to day, looking for something that may emphasize the good in humanity—some great thing men have done for other men. Now and then we may find the needle in the haystack, but not often. The worst side of human nature comes near monopolizing the biggest type and the blackest headlines.

There is good in the world but it doesn't "print up," it doesn't startle. There are men and women of clean hearts and clean minds, but they go about their business inconspicuously. They maintain the balance in favor of virtue and make life worth living, but the things they do are not sensational.

It would be out of place for virtue to give a parade, but even were it to hire a band and start out no great crowds would be attracted by the procession. The morbid-minded would turn their backs.

STAMBOULISKI, leader of the peasants in Bulgaria, is dead. His was a violent death. The king's soldiers shot him. Terror reigns in Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. There is a revolution and a counter-revolution. That is news, the kind of news that makes history.

Over in the Ruhr Valley more history is being made, slowly. The Germans are beginning to writhe under the strictures of the French. The German government has sent a note of protest to the powers not participating in the Ruhr occupation, calling attention to the continuous acts of "Franco-Belgian terrorism."

That word "terrorism" will have a familiar sound to persons who have not forgotten the big war, when Germany was trying to scare the world to death. Germany is not finding the pastime of reaping the whirlwind gratifying.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT says the men are disturbing her soul. In the same breath she admits she is exalted over the women of the world. But the men—they have been thousands of years in politics and see what a mess they have made.

Well, if the women can clean up the mess, more power to them. Mrs. Catt has decided to use her remaining years to help, and more power to her.

But Mrs. Catt is asking for a good deal in the way of a man to lead the procession of "moppers-up." The male person she is looking for is a composite sort of man. She describes him: "What we need is a man with the idealism of Wilson when he wrote the fourteen points and the persuasive manners of Harding; he should be able to bellow like Borah and be the kind of orator that Wendell Phillips was; he should have money enough to be above temptation, but his hands must not be soiled with coal nor his pockets loaded with iron and there must be no smell of oil on his clothes."

If Aunt Carrie finds her man she should at once "hoo-hoo" the other girls.

AFTER ALL, it's an amusing world we live in. We can crack a smile as we go along, provided we do not let grim, cold facts freeze the face into congealed mobility.

James Couzens of Michigan, who took Newberry's seat in the United States senate and sat right down on the tack, thinks Henry Ford can be elected president, if the Democrats will nominate him. That's handing the Democrats a problem.

If Ford should become president it would be in order to rewrite history. Henry says history's bunk. To be consistent it would be necessary to say that George Washington made bunk history, and that Thomas Jefferson could not have told the difference between a gasoline motor and a swallow's nest.

Henry might also recommend that the authorship of the Star Spangled Banner be taken away from Francis Scott Key and given to Benedict Arnold.

THERE IS MORE presidential politics abroad than one could shake a stick at. A Tammany man, who is as handy with figures as a dog with fleas, is forecasting the Democratic nomination and the election of Governor Al Smith, who is now in the public eye and on the public conscience.

It's a wet proposition—sopping wet. A "liberal ticket and a liberal platform" is the combination that is to do the business.

This fellow figures a total of 269 electoral votes and gives the states they are to come from—Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia.

He could have claimed more, if necessary, but what was the sense of being a mathematical hog?

MORE EXALTING than all the wet figures the prophetic mathematicians can compile is this official story from Washington:

"Over 5,975,000 more pupils are attending schools in the United States at the present time than were enrolled twenty years ago." This report is from the bureau of education.

In 1902 the number of pupils in the schools of the country was 16,123,050, as compared with 22,100,070 in 1922.

The future welfare of these millions of boys and girls is of greater importance than that the friends of Governor Al Smith have their guzzle gutters flushed with alcohol.

PRESIDENT HARDING, who never neglects an opportunity to talk for the American family and the American home, said some striking things recently concerning the government's attitude toward that which concerns the common weal.

"Government," said the President, "can only be concerned in the things that come of the common weal; it is not interested in the farmers because they are the largest body of voters, but because they are engaged in a great basic industry; not interested in the railroads because of their wealth and power, but because of their importance to the welfare of the nation, and not interested in the former service men because of their numbers and political power, but because of the debt of gratitude it owes them."

The common weal cannot contemplate the return of booze in the flimsy disguise of "light wines and beer."

MAIL SERVICE SLOWER THAN 10 YEARS AGO

Commerce Suffers While Neither U. S. Nor Great Britain Tackles Overseas Problem.

Protests from business men on both sides of the Atlantic that mail transmission between the United States and Great Britain is slower than it was in pre-war days have elicited a statement from British postal authorities laying the whole blame on a policy of discrimination, which they declare has been adopted by the American authorities to assure American vessels a share of the mail-carrying business.

"Nothing is being done here, and so far as we are informed, nothing is being done to remedy the situation on the American side," was the answer to inquiry made at postal headquarters here. "Great Britain continues to use the very fastest boats for outgoing mails and would like to see the same vessels utilized for mails from the United States, as it would be of benefit to the business communities on both sides of the Atlantic. It is recognized here that American officials give preference to the United States boats. There is no question of retaliation on this side. The objective is to get the mails across in the shortest time, and that is the object achieved by the United States passenger vessels of the Olmpic class."

No Data On U. S. Ships.

Americans in London have long noted inability of clerks at branch postoffices to supply information as to whether American vessels sailing on a given date will carry mails, the fact is that American mail-carrying ships are ignored entirely in the lists of prospective sailings supplied by the general postoffice to the branch offices, although they supply the dates of sailings of French, Italian, Dutch and the mail packets of other nationalities.

When an order or parcel marked "via U. S. S. President Harding" is taken to the postoffice, the clerk tells the truth when he informs the sender, as he usually does, "We have no information that this ship carries mail; you had better cancel instructions, and your mail will be forwarded by the first ship out," which, of course, always happens to be a British ship.

The government spokesman in the house of commons recently declared that the only difference between mail transmissions now and before the war is: "If on any occasion, one of the fast mail packets is withdrawn the choice of fast alternative steamers is not so wide. The selection of steamers for the conveyance of mails from the United States is entirely a matter for the American postal department."

Thus while American and British officialdom are justifying their mail contract-grabbing policies, business men of the two countries are the only ones able to detect anything wrong.

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Bernhardt Effects Bring Large Sum

The final day of the first sale of Sarah Bernhardt's effects realized 127,895 francs—a total of 307,070 francs for the three days.

The great canopied bed on which the famous actress died was withdrawn from the sale. The highest priced lot consisting of bas reliefs and sacred objects sculptured in wood brought 11,000 francs. A rug made from the skin of an antelope killed by Madame Bernhardt while hunting with the late czar near Moscow, brought 287 francs.

The sale of Madame Bernhardt's library will begin June 25.

Warning Is Issued of Bogus $1,000 Note

Warning that a new counterfeit $1,000 note on the federal reserve bank of New York has been put in circulation has been issued. Only one of the spurious notes has been discovered, it was said, it having been received in exchange in London and making its way to New York.

"Care should be exercised in handling bills of this description," the warning said, "as only those skilled in the determination of the genuineness of currency will be able to detect this counterfeit.

TAKE SALTS FOR A KIDNEY BACKACHE

Drink Lots of Water All Day Long to Keep Kidneys Flushed.

Too much rich food forms acids which excite and overwork the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Flush the kidneys occasionally to relieve them like you relieve the bowels, removing acids, waste and poison, else you may feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, the stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging one to get up two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste, begin drinking water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine and bladder disorders disappear.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help prevent serious kidney and bladder disorders.

By all means, drink lots of good water every day. Have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

—Advertisement.

Niece of King George to Marry

Princess Maud. INT.

Public announcement has been made in London of the engagement of the princess royal, Maud, to Lord Carnegie, son of the earl of Southesk, whose kinsman, the earl of Northesk, is in America to marry Jessica Brown, the dancer. Princess Maud is the eldest daughter of the late duke of Fife, who lost his life as a result in a shipwreck off Gibraltar in 1911, in which the princess escaped. She is 30.

Ten Thousand European Immigrants Prepare Now for Race to America

Twenty-two starters June 13 toed the mark in what is expected to be the greatest race in world history

They are the 22 foreign liners which, on July 1—the first day of the government's fiscal year—are scheduled to arrive at Ellis Island, melting pot of the nations, with the first of the 357,803 immigrants Uncle Sam will accept for adoption during the next 12 months.

"Thousands of passages have been booked from Liverpool, Queenstown, the ports of France and Spain and embarkation points of Asia and Africa," steamship company officials said.

Short 8,500 Beds.

Ellis Island heads were in a dilema. "We have but 1,500 beds—what will we do with the 10,000 who will arrive July 17" they asked.

To complicate matters, officials pointed out, Henry H. Curran, a new commissioner of immigration will be in charge on that date.

"The rush will be the greatest in the history of the immigration department," Tod said.

"It might be supposed that Germany, suffering after six years war effects would take advantage of America's offer to admit 67,607 of her citizens. Yet Germany sent over but 40,307, 26,723 under her quota. Austria, too, fell short, but only by 120.

English and Italians Come.

"On the other hand England's quota of 77,342 was filled within a few months after the beginning of the year. Italy, too, sent her allotment of 42,057 immigrants over as quickly as possible."

Russia may be the "ideal land" claimed by her champions. "But Russia sent the 24,405 immigrants she was permitted over here with all possible speed," the commissioner said.

"Norway has failed to fill her quota of 13,202 by 2,297; France has 1,083 left from its allotment."

The other countries which have not filled their permitted quotas are Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Bulgaria, Fiume, Iceland, Poland and Esthonia.

Every other nation on earth has sent more immigrants than the United States would admit under her present immigration law.

PREDICTS ERA OF PROSPERITY

Speaker Tells Merchants to Make Ready for Good Fortune.

The greatest period of prosperity the country has ever known is coming, but whether it will set in this year or in 1924 or 1925 it is unwise to predict, Harry A. Wheeler, vice president of the Union Trust Co. of Chicago, told the 26th annual convention of the National Hardwood Lumber association.

"While it is impossible to fix the date of arrival of this vast prosperity," said Wheeler, "there is a word of wisdom every business man should take to heart. Pay no heed to the croakers, the calamity howlers, the pessimists. Conduct your business with the thought firmly in mind that this prosperity is inevitably coming. Be prepared for it. Be so solidly established that you will have full advantage of good fortune when it knocks at your door."

SOLDIERS' FOOD 27 CENTS DAILY

Food Cost in Army Is Pared to Pre-War Level by Uncle Sam.

Three good, square meals, week in and week out at a total cost of 27 cents a day—that is the fare of the doughboys in Uncle Sam's army.

While the American housewife has been struggling tearfully to make her weekly budget produce an adequate breakfast, dinner and supper, the quartermaster corps has succeeded in bringing the army ration allowance down to a figure actually lower than that of pre-war days, it was learned last week.

While the housewife has been paying from 40 to 100 per cent more for her meats, bread and vegetables than she did in 1913, the army is able to set a whole day's table for only exactly 3.6 cents more than was the cost in 1913.

The 1923 ration allowance just perfected is the lowest in eight years. Cost per ration of feeding the army for the last 10 years, in cents, is as follows: 1913, 23.4; 1914, 24; 1915, 25; 1916, 28; 1917, 33; 1918, 48.2; 1919, 49.8; 1920, 54; 1921, 47; 1922, 32.8 and 1923, 27.

Lower Than Other Nations.

In addition to making the inherent thrift of the American housewife appear futile, the United States ration is better than that of other nations.

Taking into consideration the fluctuation and instability of foreign currency and exchange, a fair estimate of the cost of feeding each man in the allied armies is as follows: Italy, 50 cents; Great Britain, 45 cents; France, 33 cents, and Japan, with its rice diet, from 20 to 41 cents, dependent upon the location of the troops.

The quartermaster corps is able to feed the doughboys at nine cents a meal for three reasons: It buys only where the production is greatest and it discounts all bills.

While 27 cents wouldn't buy the average Mr. Citizen much more than two sandwiches and a cup of coffee, the soldier gets his in courses, almost literally from "soup to nuts." Here is a fair sample of the daily army-camp menu, picked at random:

Not So Bad.

Breakfast: Corn flakes and milk, stewed potatoes, fried bologna, butter and toast or bread, and coffee.

Dinner: Roast beef and sage dressing, boiled potatoes, brown gravy, creamed carrots, bread, coffee and bread pudding with lemon sauce.

Supper: Beef stew with vegetables, fried potatoes, bread, coffee and stewed peaches.

No menu is repeated within a week, and, unlike boarding house style, the menu doesn't even rotate on a weekly basis.

Residents of Penal Colony Seek Relief

Portugal sends its convicts to the penal colony at Loanda, on the west coast of Africa, but the presence of the undesirables is resented by Portuguese and foreign residents there, who have petitioned the government to remove the convicts to one of the islands of the Cape Verde archipaelago.

Loanda is prospering these days and its people declare the presence of the convicts hampers their development.

Cosmetics Declared Chief Cancer Cause

Cosmetics may easily be the primary cause of cancer, says Sir Lenthal Cheatle, eminent British surgeon. "Powders and soaps are specially dangerous," he says, "as they are apt to stick and make their way into the glands of the skin, and then set up trouble which might easily become cancer."

'Ads Beat Ambassadors'

Senator Edge

Advertising, in lieu of ambassadors, would make America and its ideals and purposes better understood abroad, it is insisted by United States Senator Walter Evans Edge, Republican, of New Jersey. He told that to members of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in annual session at Atlantic City, N. J. "Lord knows," he added, "we need a better understanding with our friends overseas."

FAVORS WORKING U. S. PRISONERS

Congress Will Be Asked to Equip Plants With Shoe Machinery.

Congress is to be asked to put the 5,500 prisoners now held in the Atlanta, Leavenworth and McLean Island federal penitentiaries to work at useful occupations.

Heber Votaw, superintendent of federal prisons, and brother-in-law of President Harding, is working out a program for submission to the next congress which will recommend the class and character of prison work.

Work for all prisoners at the federal penitentiaries was urged by Votaw as an adjunct to discipline, in the formation of good habiits and as a training for usefulness after the prison term had ended.

Votaw suggested shoe factories at Leavenworth, Kas., and McNeal Island, San Francisco, to give employment to the 2,519 men at the former institution and the 502 men at the latter. He said that the 600,000 pairs of shoes needed for the army and navy could be made at these two institutions. He favored extension of the textile plant at Atlanta, Ga., penitentiary so that sheets and denim could be made for army and navy use and government hospitals.

Men employed at the penitentiaries are paid from $2.25 to $2.75 a week. They are required to send part of their earnings to dependents if they have any, or to save it for their release. Extended use of prisoners on farms, urged by Senator Overman, would not afford a solution of labor problems at the penitentiaries, Votaw said. He considers it unsafe.

"I am opposed," he said, "to manufacture at the penitentiaries of anything that goes into the markets. Labor leaders have indicated they would not oppose manufacture of shoes for use of the army and navy because the total of 600,000 pairs is a very small percentage of shoes manufactured in America.

"At Atlanta fewer than 700 men can be given work and many more solicit employment. At McNeal Island there is no work except plant repair, and at Leavenworth only a small proportion of the prisoners labor on the farm. Many more should be employed in the interest of their health and future careers."

SCORES KU KLUX AT T. R.'S GRAVE

Louisiana Governor Flays Masked Mobs in Flag Day Address.

Governor Parker of Louisiana and 500 Elks from Long Island lodges held Flag day services last week in a natural amphitheater sloping down from the grave of Theodore Roosevelt.

Surrounded by a circle of great trees, and facing the grave, the crowd listened to Governor Parker and other speakers eulogize the former president and call upon the country to adhere more closely to his principles of Americanism lest the anarchists, bolsheviats and "the hordes working under the cover of masks and cowls utterly destroy the foundations of democracy laid by the founders of the country."

Governor Parker drew tremendous applause when he declared that something should be done immediately to fight the enemies within the country, which he declared were far more dangerous than any outside.

"The minute men must be put back on guard," he said. "The men under the mask and the cowl are undermining the foundations of democracy in this country, and trying to create religious prejudices while an indifferent public is engaged in riotous jazz celebrations.

"The only way to remedy this is to start a great campaign to supplant this destructiveness with constructive Americanism. We gather here to pay tribute to the flag on Flag day, and that is very well as far as it goes, but every day should be a flag day for those who would see the United States hold its great place in the affairs of the world and not be overrun and destroyed by the dark forces which are trying to undermine our government."

Tumulty Sues for $97,500

Seeking $97,500 for legal services, Joseph P. McNulty, who was secretary to President Wilson, has filed suit in the N. Y. supreme court against the Staten Island Shipbuilding Co. He alleges that the company engaged him to adjust claims with the United States shipping board; that he saved the company $1,000,000 and received but $2,500 of his fee.

FRENCH JUSTICE EXCELS, HE SAYS

Whitman Believes Mixed Races of America Retard Judges.

After attending a French murder trial former Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York said he had come to the conclusion that the secret of the afficiency and swiftness of French justice lies in the fact that the system is actuated solely by a desire to establish the facts in the case. Mr. Whitman, who is chairman of the committee on law enforcement of the American Bar association is investigating the judicial procedure in the criminal courts of England and France. Other members of the commission with him are Judge Marcus Kavanagh of Chicago and Wade H. Ellis of Washington.

Mr. Whitman said:

Mixed Nationalities Hinder.

"I do not knock American criminal procedure but I do not deny that France and England have more efficient systems for dealing with crime.

"This is my first visit abroad since the war and I find much that interests in a judicial way. In view of what I have observed I have come to the conclusion that the mixed races of America are one of the main factors retarding judicial procedure in the United States. France and England each have a single racial psychology. The mental operations of the criminal therefore are more easily comprehended by the judges.

"The French murder at first shocked me because it violated all my ideas on American principles, as to how a trial should proceed. Then gradually I saw that the truth and only the truth was being sought and by diverse methods it was found. Neither prejudice nor politics was involved.

Guards Curb Bandits.

"One great deterrent to crime in France is the system by which houses and stores are guarded. The plan whereby the massive front doors of all houses and apartments are closed at night and admission is only past the watchful eyes of concierges keeps intruders out. The iron shutters over the shop fronts makes thievery almost impossible."

Asked if he believed the public executions in France had a deterrent effect on crime, Mr. Whitman replied:

"Undoubtedly. I think what good they do in that respect does not compensate for the brutalizing effect on the public." Concerning the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law in New York the former governor said:

"Its repeal will impede prohibition enforcement but, after all it does not make very much difference, New York has been so wet for the last six months that it cannot be much wetter. I do not think the repeal will have much effect on prohibition at large. I am sure that a majority of the country wants prohibition and would vote that way if ever it were put a nation-wide referendum."

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LEVIATHAN TRIP DEMOCRAT IDEA

$120,000 Trial Journey Part of Old Plan, Lasker Says.

Replying to criticisms of the forthcoming trip of the Leviathan, Chairman Lasker of the shipping board declared in a formal statement that provision for the trial had been included in the reconditioning plans drawn up under a Democratic administration and that it was an indispensable part of the plans.

Characterizing the attacks as "party politics" Mr. Lasker called upon the Democratic national committee, whose headquarteres here recently issued a statement criticizing the projected five-day cruise of the liner to Cuban waters as a waste of public funds, to "forget for the moment its temptation to misrepresent for political purposes."

Plans and specifications for the reconditioning of the liner, Lasker said, were prepared by experts engaged by the shipping board when John Barton Payne was chairman. In January of last year, he said, the experts asked for an appropriation of $120,000 to cover the cost of the trial trip, contemplating that it should extend at least five days, and the item was approved by congress.

In accordance with the universal practice, Lasker said, the experts "insisted that 400 to 500 guests be asked on the Leviathan's trial trip" in order that the service machinery of the ship might be given a thorough test. Of the total estimated cost of $120,000 for the trip, Lasker estimated that not more than $18,000 would be used to pay for the "food and comfort" of the guests.

WAGE ACT BLOW PLEASES LABOR

Gompers Declares Kansas Court Is Punctured by Decision.

"Kansas once again is headed toward freedom," Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, said in a formal statement commenting upon the supreme court decision holding a part of the state's industrial law unconstitutional.

"While the decision applies only to a limited extent," Mr. Gompers said, "it will nevertheless serve to restrict the activities and work of the Kansas court as to make that court practically inoperative.

"Labor is glad to see the Kansas court fall by the wayside. Labor knew long before the court was established that such an institution could neither function satisfactorily nor long survive.

CONFERENCE DRAFTS 15 RULES FOR U. S. FLAG TRIBUTE; ALSO 15 'DONTS'

The code covering civilian usage of the American flag and conduct in its presence was adopted at the conference of national organizations called by the American Legion.

Resolutions adopted recommended the study of the words and music of the "Star Spangled Banner" and its teaching in all schools. State legislatures were requested to enact laws requiring display of the flag in and over schools, parks and playgrounds. Opposition was recorded to proposals to change the official dimensions of the flag.

The code covers 15 rules for display of the flag and a list of 15 "things to avoid."

Fifteen Rules for Display.

The rules adopted for displaying the flag follow:

The flag should be displayed from sunrise to sunset only or between such hours as designated by proper authority on national and state holidays, and on historic and special occasions. The emblem should always be hoisted briskly and lowered slowly and ceremoniously.

When carried in a procession with another flag or flags the place of the flag of the United States is on the right, i. e., the flag's own right, or when there is a line of other flags the flag of the United States may be in front of the center of that line.

When displayed with another flag, against a wall from crossed staffs, the flag of the United States should be on the right, the flag's own right, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

U. S. Flag Atop All.

When a number of flags are grouped and displayed from staffs the flag of the United States should be in the center or at the highest point of the group.

When flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard with the flag of the United States, the flag of the United States must always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs the flag of the United States should be hoisted first. No flag or pennant should be placed above or to the right of the flag of the United States.

When flags of 10 or more nations are to be displayed they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of equal size. (International usage forbids the display of the flag of one.) When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from the window sill, balcony or front of building the union of the flag should go clear to the head of the staff unless the flag is at half staff.

Not Used as Decorations.

When the flag of the United States is displayed other than flown from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's right, ie., to the observer's left. When displayed in a window it should be displayed the same way, that is, with the union or blue field to the left of the observer in the street. When festoons or drapings of blue, white and red are desired, bunting should be used, but never the flag.

When displayed over the middle of the street, as between buidings, the flag of the United States should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street or to the east in a north and south street.

Above and Behind Speakers.

When used on a speaker's platform, the flag should be displayed above and behind the speaker. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk nor drape over the front of the platform. If flown from a staff it should be on the speaker's right.

When used in unveiling a statue or monument the flag should not be allowed to fall to the ground but should be carried aloft to wave out forming a distinctive feature during the remainder of the ceremony.

When flown at half staff the flag is first hoisted briskly to the peak and then lowered to the half staff position, but before lowering the flag for the day it is raised again to the peak. On Memorial day, May 30, the flag is displayed at half staff from sunrise until noon and at full staff from noon until sunset, for the nation lives and the flag is the symbol of the living nation.

Not Lowered Into Graves.

When used to cover a casket the flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave nor allowed to touch the ground. The casket should be carried feet first.

When the flag is displayed in church, it should be from a staff placed on the congregation's right as they face the clergyman with the service flag, state flag or other flag on the left wall. If the chancel, the flag of the United States should be placed on the clergyman's right as he faces the congregation.

When the flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside or used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning or by some other method in harmony with the reverence and respect we owe to the emblem representing our country.

"Do not use the flag as drapery, use bunting," says one of the "don'ts" and others bar its use as covering for a ceiling, as part of a costume or athletic uniform, embroidered upon cushions or handkerchiefs, or printed on paper napkins or boxes.

Rules for Saluting.

A section of the code dealing with the salute to the flag reads:

"During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag or when the flag is passing in parade or review, all persons present should stand at attention facing the flag. Men's headdress should be removed with the right hand and held at the left shoulder. Those present in uniform should salute with the right hand salute. Women should stand at attention, facing the flag or as the flag is passing in parade should salute, by placing the right hand over the heart. If the national anthem is played and no flag is present all stand at attention when uncovered and salute at the first note of the anthem, retaining that position until the last note of the air is played. If in civilian dress and covered, men should uncover and stand at attention, facing the music. Women stand at attention and salute."

JAPAN PLANS FIVE OVERSEA AERIAL ROUTES

Program Calls for Two Lines to United States, One Via Alaska.

Officials of the Japanese department of communications are discussing plans for the establishment of five air routes under the provisions of the international aviation treaty of July 11, 1922. The proposed routes are the following: One direct route to the United States across the Pacific, touching islands yet to be designated; a second route connecting Japan with the United States via the Kurile islands, Kamchatka, Behring strait and Alaska; a Japan-Siberia route from a northern Japanese port to Vladivostok; a Japan-China route via Korea and another Japan-China route crossing the China sea and landing at Shanghai.

The immediate prospect of traffic over the routes between Japan and the Asiatic continent is slight, as aviation in this part of the world is in a primary stage as compared with progress in the United States and Europe, and the Japanese authorities are thinking chiefly of the possibility of receiving flying guests from the American continent. The non-stop transcontinental flight made by Lieutenants Kelly and Macready made a deep impression on the officials and public of Japan and doubtless will prove a strong incentive toward the furtherance of aviation projects in Tokio.

The program, which is to be presented to the diet at its next session late this year, will include an appropriation for the construction of a great landing field and flying station between Tokio and Yokohama.

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Republicans Approve Women's Committee

That an advisory committee composed of one woman from each state would be of invaluable aid to the Republican national committee was the unanimous opinion of a conference of New England state party leaders and national officers in Boston.

Chairman John T. Adams of the Republican national committee, explained that such a committee at present would be without legal status as the national convention appoints the national committee. The 1924 convention can give women regular standings. The purpose of the conference, Mr. Adams stated, was to lay organization plans for the next presidential campaign. Policies and candidates were not discussed President Harding being accepted as the obvious candidate.

To Cross Atlantic in 14-Meter Yacht

Captain Joseph Einsle, formerly of the Austrian navy, accompanied by two friends, will set out from Hamburg at the end of June for New York in a sailing yacht 14 meters long. The three-men have built the yacht themselves on Lake Constance, the cost being defrayed by public subscription. On arrival in America Captain Einsle intends giving a series of lectures on Austria as a tourists' country.

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32x3½	8.75	15.35	35x4½	14.60	23.15
31x4	10.45	16.85	36x4½	15.05	23.85
32x4	10.85	18.25	38x5	15.65	24.35
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SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

EIGHT captives, the last of the foreigners kidnaped by the Chinese bandits who held up the Shanghai-Peking express on May 6 and held at the outlaw headquarters since that time, have been released. The Americans released were Major Roland W. Pinger, army ordnance department; Leon Friedman of Chicago, owner of the China Motors corporation in Shanghai; John B. Powell of Missouri, Shanghai publisher; Lee Solomon of San Francisco, Shanghai agent of a San Francisco company.

Customs officers have received definite instructions from the treasury that the regulations carrying out the recent supreme court decision barring beverage liquor from territorial waters of the United States are to be enforced strictly.

The infant and motherless daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Royer of McKinley, Ore., brought into the world through a caesarian operation, was restored to life, after apparently being dead, by adrenalin injections into the heart.

Registration of the 7,000,000 aliens in this country and assessment of fees for support of comprehensive citizenship program are to be features of legislation being drawn up by the department of labor for submission to congress next Fall, Secretary Davis has announced.

Charles M. Simpson, accused of bootlegging in West Virginia, brought his case directly to Washington and had the unusual experience of being released on bail by the chief justice of the United States.

Lieutenant M. A. Schur, naval airman, added another world's mark to his list in trying to set a new duration and distance mark for seaplanes and speed records for 1,000, 1,500 and 2,000 kilometers. The record which fell was that for 500 kilometers.

Great Britain and Russia have ended their difficulties. Russia yielded on many points and Britain promised not to assist in any hostile designs against the soviet government or the republics associated with it.

Flood waters of the Arkansas river fastened their hold on Tulsa, Okla, and vicinity last week after a race of death and destruction through southern Kansas.

Filipino political leaders are protesting to President Harding against the plan he has under consideration to extend the coastwise shipping law to the Philippines.

ILLINOIS senate last week, by a vote of 32 to 13, killed the Marks bill to repeal the state prohibition enforcement act. At the same time in the lower house by a vote of 78 to 70 the O'Grady repeal bill was taken off the table and restored to the calendar on order of second reading.

Miners, testifying for the state in the trial of the mine superintendent and foreman, charged with involuntary manslaughter in connection with the explosion at the Spangler mine in Pennsylvania last November, declared that on several occasions they had reported to the mine bosses the presence of gas in the mine.

A verdict in favor of Mrs. Bula Croker was found by the jury in the contest over the will of the late Richard Croker in Dublin.

Finely Peter Dunne, creator of "Mr. Dooley," underwent an operation last week in a New York hospital.

The mission excavating for the University of Pennsylvania at Beisan, Palestine, the Bethshean of the Old Testament, has unearthed substantial Egyptian buildings with evidence of five centuries occupation and two clear monumental inscriptions of Seti I and Rameses II respectively.

More than 1,000,000 German marks could be purchased last week with an American $10 bill. The increase in the value of the dollar and the plunge of the mark created another mad rise in prices of goods in Germany.

Luther Mills Kitchin, son of the late Representative Claude Kitchin, former Democratic leader in the house, declined the nomination tendered him by the Democratic executive committee of North Carolina as candidate for the unexpired term of his father.

Indianapolis will be the scene of the 1924 conclave and carnival of the Mystic Order of the Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, it has been decided by the supreme council of the Grotto.

Indictments against 81 persons charged with violation of the state prohibition act have been returned by the Allegheny county grand jury of Pennsylvania.

Henry Ford has announced that he will not be a candidate for the presidency in 1924.

Contracts to build 87½ miles of road at an estimated cost of $3,893,036 will be let by State Highway Director Herrick of Ohio, June 22, as the last big job before he leaves office June 30.

PERSONS who mistakenly eat poisonous toadstools in the belief that they are edible mushrooms may live to tell the tale, thanks to a medical discovery now being perfected. A Paris physician is developing a curative serum.

Three persons were killed in the wreck last week of the "cannon ball" express of the Michigan Central railroad in Grayling, Mich. The express left the main track in the yards and crashed into a freight train. The wrong switch was thrown, causing the accident.

Crude oil was used by the Southern Pacific Co. in an effort to clear its tracks in Oregon of the army of caterpillars that seriously interfered with traffic.

Anarchy would prevail in the Ruhr valley if the Berlin government were to order the population to abandon passive resistance to the occupational authorities, declared the editor of the Berlin Tageblatt in an article.

Donald A. C. Butts, chemist in the Pennsylvania state department of health, announces that he has discovered the cause of cancer to be an excess of positive electricions or energy in the cells of the body.

The house in which Sarah Bernhardt lived and died has become a shrine for American lovers of the art of the great French actress.

A delegation of leading residents of Sidon, Syria, recently proposed that the Near East relief charter a ship to transport Syrian girls to the three-mile limit outside New York. Then Americans could come out to the ship, select a free bride, be married there and take their wives back as citizens of the United States to whom immigration quotas do not apply.

Eruption of Mount Vesuvius continues intermittently, the volcano going through short periods of rest followed by hours of violent activity.

Governor General Leonard Wood of the Philippines has been awarded the Roosevelt medal for the promotion of national defense.

Conditions in China were termed "the worst since the Boxer outbreak" in a recent statement in which the American Association of China and the American chamber of commerce in Shanghai united.

Edwin R. Bergdoll, wealthy draft evader, has been released from the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth. He served two years and 10 months for failure to perform military service during the war.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

BIG FIGHT IS ON— Farmers and Chicago.

Illinois farmers and the big commission men of Chicago are having a big fight to control the legislature. The bone of contention is a co-operative bill pending in the state legislature.

The farmers gave a free feed to the members of the legislature. They had Aaron Sapiro come from California to talk on markets. He was a big surprise to the crowd.

Here is a brief summary of what he said:

Members who came prepared to listen to the ravings of a long-haired agitator were agreeably surprised at the clear-cut sensible presentation of the farmer's business problems. "Co-operative marketing means simply business methods applied to agriculture," Sapiro told them. "We are only asking for a sensible law that will make it easier for us to solve our own problems in a business-like way."

He went on to explain what modern commodity co-operative marketing means, what it does, and how it is successfully handling a billion dollars' worth of farm products a year in the United States.

If Illinois passes the co-operative marketing bill, Sapiro said, Chicago will become the center of commodity marketing for the United States. "Pass this law and we will do the rest," he said. "All we ask is that you will give the farmer the legal powers and safeguards, adapted to his business, that you have already given to corportions. This law will make it possible to do away with the dumping of farm products, with farmer competing against farmer to break the market, and substitute orderly merchandizing instead. This system of marketing will bring prosperity to the farmer without soaking the consumer. It doesn't increase prices to the consumer, but gives producers a greater share of what the consumer pays.

"It means much more money to the farmer. In California we have broken through the dollar to the boys and girls. As a result of co-operative marketing California has the best rural schools in the United States. It is first in churches and in good roads. It sends a higher proportion of its farm boys and girls to college. Men of Illinois, give us a chance to put Illinois at the head of all the states of the Union in farm prosperity and satisfactory country life."

THE BIGGEST BIRD— World's Greatest Airplane.

Recently Rural Welfare editor was taken over Wilbur Wright airplane field, near Dayton, Ohio.

Uncle Sam intends to make this place the world's greatest flying field and training camp for aviators.

Wright field and McCook field adjoin each other. Each are under different commanders. Several thousand acres of land are included in these two famous fields.

While going over this field we were permitted to see the world's biggest and greatest airplane. It was nearing completion. It has been a year in the building.

Three great planes or wings, or stories to this big bird. It has a spread of 125 feet. It is 85 feet long and some 40 feet high.

It has six big liberty motors with six big propellers. Three in front to pull and three behind to push. Ten men are needed to operate the big bird. Seats and lookout stations are provided.

There are delicate electric instruments and devices to tell the speed and height of the plane. Also instruments to tell the moisture in the air and the temperature.

This big plane is made for the purpose of carrying ten tons of bombs at one load. Some of these bombs are high explosive and some are loaded with deadly gas. This big plane, if it works as expected, will have the ability to destroy cities.

It will be the most deadly and dangerous machine of war ever made. We saw the places in it from which the death dealing bombs can be dropped. The big frame will hold 20 persons or more if necessary. We climbed up a step ladder and crawled through one of the portholes to get inside of this sky fighter.

We were told that it will have the power to lift 40 tons weight from the ground and travel 100 miles or more an hour through the sky. No one seemed to know what this warship would cost.

We are building this machine and fighting ship because England, France, Italy, Germany and other countries are building the same kind of ships of destruction. They are building theirs because we are building ours.

This is the way the endless chain of war goes on.

TWO KINDS OF SCHOOLS— Which Is Your Choice?

We have given the class address at a number of high school commencements. We have a chance to see different kinds of teachers, superintendents and schools.

We have in mind a school that one year ago was well-nigh run down to nothing. There were many pupils who did not pass. Mothers were mad on account of low grades given to their children.

In this run-down school the superintendent was also run down. He did not have a hold on the community. Pupils did not respect him or his discipline. He seemed to have been born a little short of successs.

He started out by making a rule that a grade of 65 or 70 per cent would pass the pupil at the end of the year to the next higher grade. This made pupils think promotions would be easy. The result was many failures.

The school board suddenly awakened to the fact that a new man was needed on the job as superintendent. They let the old one go and hunted up a man who had to be coaxed to take the job, but he took it.

Ten minutes after the new man was notified that he was elected to run the schools he was master of the job. He raised the passing grade to 75 and 80 per cent and gave notice that there would be no stretching of grades to let anybody pass. If any pupil was absent one day or more that absent time had to be made up and done just the same as the pupil would have done the work in school.

This new man gave notice that only the hardest kind of school work would get any pupil promoted. A new bug began to bite that community. Pupils and parents suddenly took notice that there must be no more cheap work done in that school.

This impression got out soon after school closed in the Spring of 1922. In the Fall when school called everybody was on tiptoe with the notion that the new boss would call them tardy and indolent on any old excuse. There was a real school going. Folks, old and young, suddenly became conscious that school work was big business and cost a lot of money, and that everybody had to hustle.

This new boss gave notice that every game played of any kind had to be on the square. No cheating or tricks. He soon had the pupils ready to shun any boy or girl who wanted or tried to cheat. The school all at once seemed to have had a new birth.

This new man was clean morally. He had the best of scholarship. He had fought hard to win his state life certificate. He had passed a hard examination in some 30 branches. He knew the business end of teaching. He knew psychology of the child's mind and that of the parents also. He was a fit man for the place. He run the show. The school board gave him the right of way and say.

Only one 12-year-old boy failed to pass and be promoted. The parents tried to get the new boss to let the boy through. Nothing doing. The parents of the boy agreed that the younster had not worked as he should. After a three-minute talk the mother agreed that the boy should make up the work during the Summer and pass a harder examination than the first one, or stay in the same class another year. Take your choice.

HIDE AND LEATHER— Have Turned Sommersault.

"Years ago I got $5 for a beef hide and bought a pair of shoes for $3. Today I sold a beef hide for $2 and paid $10 for a pair of shoes. Now I am thinking it over and wondering what is wrong and who is getting the money."

How many of our Blade readers have had the same experience as the farmer who spoke these words?

Who can tell what is wrong? Why has the price of hides gone down and the price of leather gone up?

Is the man who sells hides a poor business man while the man who sells leather is a good business man?

Does not just such things as these show to the farmer that it is his business to master the markets rather than to make himself old and wear himself out trying to produce more hides?

Who gets the most joy out of life, the fellow who sells leather at $10 per pair of shoes or the poor devil who sells a hide for one or two dollars?

Will the farmer ever pool his interests in such way as to make sure of a square deal for himself and for his business?

Prosperity of a country is false and ficticious unless it is rightly distributed among all classes of citizens, including the farm and farmer.

Will the answer to all this compel the farmer to transform his raw material into the finished product? If this day ever comes there will be a lot of loafers go to work for a living. Right now the farmer needs salvation.

WEAR KNEE BREECHES— Joy of Cholera Infantum.

"I refuse to grow old. I am still young and expect to remain so. I am 70 years young and still expect the day to come when I can wear knee breeches and have the joy of having cholera infantum as I used to have it for the sake of my mother."

This statement was made by a white-haired man who has spoken to hundreds of audiences and traveled in many countries. He is a cheerful chap, and he makes you and everybody get the same way.

These sunshine folks are good people to meet. They drive dull care away. We like to meet them often. They are always contagious.

We have had both knee breeches and the bellyache a plenty. When were read about these non-stop, 90-hour dancing dunces we still feel as though we were entitled to another attack of infant cholera.

IT'S A LOT OF FUN— To Have Camera on Farm.

How to make the farm interesting for farm boys and girls is an age-old question and topic. All sorts of things have been invented and suggested. Some ways soon wear out.

Here is a suggestion which is worth reading and may be the cause of some boy or girl getting and using a camera.

Here is what we pluck from the news of the day:

"I wonder how many of us have a camera. Every farm boy and girl should have one. There is a lot of fun in taking pictures around the farm—the colts, calves, etc., or making snapshots of the many pretty spots you will find down by the creek.

"Take enough time to study your camera a little so you will be able to adjust it in order to take pictures properly. Certain conditions of light, weather, etc., require different adjustment of the lens than others.

"A camera does not cost a great deal and provides pleasure the day 'round. Not only that, but if you will preserve your pictures carefully in an album you will have a mighty interesting and enjoyable record of the passing years."

FROM NOVA SCOTIA— Asking About Agstone.

From far away Nova Scotia we have received a letter asking about the use of agricultural limestone to help the cause of crops and general agriculture.

The letter comes from the agricultural college of that historic province that sticks its nose out into the ocean on the very northeast corner of the continent.

We do not know whether some reader of the Blade lives in that distant land, or whether some reader has sent a copy of the Blade to some friend who lives in the land made famous by Longefollow's poem, "Evangeline."

Soil does wear out. It needs a tonic the same as folks. God's natural remedy is at hand. It is pulverized limestone. It makes clover grow. Where clover grows almost any crop will grow.

We have a few booklets under the title of "Dollars and Sense," which will be sent free to readers of the Blade who ask for them within the next 30 days.

It is a small textbook giving what the best soil experts, experiment stations and agricultural colleges say about the use of lime and limestone. It has little chunks of wit and humor in it to please the fancy of young and old. Ask for it.

THAT ROBBER HAWK— Save the Junior Chicks.

When the chickens have been hatched and the mother hen is trying to take care of her family, the robber hawk may invade the poultry lot and carry away a good meal.

All kinds of scare-aways have been invented to fool and frighten the hawks away, but they are smart and seem to know the real from the make-believe. The good housewife has no love for chicken hawks or for any other robber of the chicken yard or house.

One farmer says that he has trained his dog to chase hawks and crows. Frequently the dog has chased a hawk that has picked up a chicken. The noise and action of the dog has several times caused the bird to drop the chick. Teach the dog to chase birds as well as cows.

DON'T LOVE CHINCH BUGS— Hit 'Em With Soy Beans.

In many sections chinch bugs have robbed the farm of all profit. Our soil experts have been dilligent in trying to find ways and means, remedies and methods to hit this pest curse.

Here is a suggestion which we find in the message sent out by a county agent to the farmers of his county. It may be worth while to all our readers who want to get rid of these Summer crop bugs.

Here it is:

"Are you afraid of chinch bugs injuring the corn this year? If so plant some soybeans with the corn. They seem to protect the corn especially from the second brood in August. Soybeans add fertility to the soil and furnish cheap protein to feed to hogs to replace tankage or to replace oil meal or cotton seed meal for cattle."

IN EVERY HEART— Is a Secret Garden.

"In every human heart there is a secret garden," so says the sage. We presume it's true. So much the better.

Heart and soul are closely wed. Is it not a fact that each and all of us have some little longings and ambitions hidden away from human eyes and ears and which we whisper to no one?

Have not the most of us the memory of some bygone disappointments? Do we not cherish some little kindness that was shown to us when we were downcast and in gloom? Do we not still hear some word spoken to us by loved ones who have passed on?

Yes, there is a secret garden in every heart. Maybe two of them.

RICH AND POOR ROADS— Bond Issues for Tax Eaters.

We read of proposed bond issues in many states. Many of these are to build high cost roads between the big cities.

How many poor people use these roads? How many rich folks and joy riders use these roads? How many big truck and bus companies are using these roads for money making for themselves?

Is there any way to make these big fellows who get the most benefit pay the freight and fiddler when these roads are built, ruined and repaired?

Just for a change it might be safety first to vote against all bond issues. Give the tax spenders a time to sober up. They have been drunk on extravagance. The road hogs are rich enough. The rich have enough of these high cost roads.

Let's build a few honest-to-God farm-to-market roads at one-third the cost of the fat rake-off road. Do it now.

NEED STATE POLICE— Farms Being Robbed.

A western farmer woke up at night in time to find a big motor truck backed up to his feed lot. The robbers were ready to drive some of his fat steers on board the truck and have them at the big city stock yards by the next morning.

Easy way for robbers to make money. Good roads are a blessing, of course. But good roads make just such stealing possible. During darkness these thefts can be pulled off on one side of a state and by morning the robber and his loot can be on the other side of the state or in a different state.

Just such thieving tricks as stealing cattle out of feed lots and hogs out of pens and chickens and other things is creating a big demand for state mounted police to patrol our main travel roads and stop stealing from the farmers. We better have road police than bad roads.

BACK TO OVERALLS— Silk Shirts on Back Seat.

Overalls now have the laugh on the silk shirts. Brawn and muscle now have a front seat while brain and education draw less wages.

The blacksmith is making more cash than the school teacher. The bricklayer is getting bigger wages than the preacher. The plaster man draws more wages than the lawyer does in fees. The blistered and calloused hand has more money at the end of the week than the soft white hand that has a job inside somewhere.

"Every dog has his day," is an old saying. It iseems to be true. We need a chapter in human life like this. We were running short on carpenters, diggers and other handy fellows who make the old world keep on going. We will get a new crop now. "The dice of God are always loaded." "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Three years ago we guessed that these conditions would come about. They have. God seems to have His own set of rules and regulations by which he gives all a square deal.

We are mighty glad to see overalls and blisters get into good society and have a bank account once more. The same reaction will come some day for the old farm itself. The sooner the better.

THE MAPLE TREE— Well Earns Its Way.

Thirty-five million pounds of maple sugar are made each year in this country. That's a big chunk of sweetness. One-third of this sugar is made in the state of Vermont.

It was in this state that the "Green Mountain Boys" and Molly Stark won fame in the days of the Revolutionary war. They helped to break the British yoke of tyranny.

On a farm near Battleboro, Vermont, stands an old maple tree. It was first tapped in 1764. That was 159 years ago. It stands as erect as it did in the days when it was young. It should have a monument erected to its usefulness. It has had a flow of hundreds of gallons of sap that made the choice morsel of maple sugar.

We have just seen two majestic oak trees leveled to the ground. We were sorry to see them fall. It required many years for them to raise their tops high in the sky. They were cut to make room for a filling station where auto and truck could fill up on gas and oil.

OATS FOR HORSE FEED— Grows Less Year by Year.

United States census reports show that the number of horses grow less year by year. This is sure to affect the oat crop.

For horse feed there has been a big demand for oats in the years gone by. Thirty years ago if some one had suggested oats for human beings it would have sounded crazy.

Oat crop has really been needed in the farmer's plan of crop rotation. What will he get to substitute for this crop? This oat crop sort of helps to scatter farm work through the season.

Will human beings increase their demand for oatmeal enough to save the oat crop when the horses no longer consume the crop? Think it over. Look ahead 10 years. Where will you be then? What will be your problems?

GOOD AND BAD WOOL— It Comes and It Goes.

Rather odd. We ship wool to other countries. Other countries ship wool to us. We sell poor grades of wool at low prices and buy good wool at higher prices.

Why not grow good wool in America and get good prices for our home product? We use more wool than we grow. We have to import some of the wool necessary to keep our factories busy and ourselves clothed.

The American farmer has been more or less careless in the quality of wool he grows. Rather he grows good wool, but does not keep his sheep free from dirt and does not market good wool in good condition. This hits the market price of his product. Do better and do it now.

PUREBRED STALLIONS— Indiana and Pennsylvania.

Two states demand that every service stallion be a pure-bred. Why not more states? Some folks go to seed on pure-bred live stock, but it is a fact that more good breeding pays and scrub breeding seldom pays.

Indiana and Pennsylvania laws require all breeding stallions to be registered, according to the National Stockman and Farmer. In many other states, nearly 100 per cent of the stallions are registered.

Records show that there is a decrease in the number of service stallions annually. The quality seems to be increasing, but the quantity is decreasing in horseflesh.

The latest figures of Uncle Sam show that there was a decrease of 16 per cent in all stallions in the country in the year of 1922.

Some day we will need more horses for farm power.

GOLD OR BRASS— Old Lady Can Tell.

An old lady went into a jewelry store to buy a piece of jewelry. When the jeweler would hand her a piece she would lick it with her tongue. The jeweler was astonished. He said: "Lady, you can't tell gold that way." She answered by saying: "Gosh, I know I can't tell gold that way, but I can tell brass that way."

Fine old girl was she. Smart as lightning. She could tell the counterfeit and that was a big help and safety first for her.

How many farmers can tell whether some of these many laws passed to help the farmer are brass or gold? Which is a blessing and which is the counterfeit and intended to catch votes, because some of the counterfeit lawmakers play the farmers for suckers?

There is too much brass and too little gold in American politics today. The counterfeit is always trying to creep in.

Some of our schools seem to be run to give book companies a chance to sell books and change them as often as they like, no matter how much it hurts parents to buy them.

Some of our roads are built at high cost for the main purpose of giving road material interests the big chance to make fat profit on expensive material, no matter how hard the taxpayer is hit.

Many of our political jobs are created because somebody needs the money and does not want to work for a living.

Why not hire this old lady and let her lick all of these things and let her find out and tell us which are brass and counterfeit and which are really worth while.

Too long too many of these smart fellows have considered the farmer and the private citizen as easy marks and have made a good living out of the game because the farmer usually proves that these smart fellows are right in their views. Let's about face. Do it now.

OHIO'S ROAD SHAME— War Trucks Stolen.

Good folks put up money to buy Liberty bonds during the war. A lot of these dollars paid for motor trucks, automobiles and other material.

After the war was over thousands of these trucks and autos were given to state highway departments for use on public roads.

Nearly two years ago Rural Welfare editor had information that led us to believe that there was a lot of stealing going on and that some dishonest officials were parties to the theft.

Late in the month of May the state examiner made a report in which he says that more than a million dollars' worth of material has been carted away from the Ohio state fair grounds, where these trucks and other material were stored. A year ago several of the large buildings on the fair grounds were burned. Hundreds believed at the time that these buildings were set on fire to cover up crime in the state highway department. Since the examiner's report hundreds feel sure of it. When will we shoot a few public officers who must steal and betray public trust?

DECLARES CLOTHES OF WOMEN TODAY ARE SANEST EVER WORN

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

RECENTLY I have been much interested in a book dealing with the fashions of the world in dress, and in this authentic history I read that human beings, from the very earliest times, have sacrificed their wealth, their honesty and their comfort in order to be clothed as extravagantly as possible.

That the clothes worn were, in many instances, practically instruments of physical torture as the result of their cut and weight, and instruments of mental torture when the wearers felt that they were not attaining the height of style, never seems to have made the slightest difference. Extravagant dressing is usually attributed to women, but men have been frequently quite as guilty.

Whatever absurdity designers could create in order to use the largest quantity of the most expensive goods and trimmings, when announced as the latest style was eagerly seized upon and worn without the slightest regard either to health or comfort, and with no greater regard to expense than was absolutely necessary.

Those who could not afford the latest style went to the foolish extravagance of ripping and remaking perfectly good garments in order to have them cut in a different manner.

I myself have seen styles that might cause the goods to weep on their high thrones.

I can recall as a tiny child seeing my mother and my elder sisters wearing hoop skirts so widely encircling them that they could scarcely pass through an ordinary doorway.

I shall never forget when a couple of young girls in our neighborhood, whose father refused to provide them with hoop skirts, stopped in the woods on the way to church one Sunday morning and cut grape vines, inserting them in the broad hems of their full-skirted calico dresses until they circled out beautifully.

The tragedy came when, after proudly marching down the church aisle with their skirts circling out in quite the proper way, they were faced by the problem of how to enter the pew and seat themselves. The episode ended by their leaving the church in tears.

I recall a period at which every woman must have curls.

She had to have them, if the hair on her head was wetted, wrapped around corn stalks, and bound with rags.

She had to have them if pieces of tin covered with rags were used to roll the hair upon, or if they were achieved by braiding the hair all over her head in a dozen fine tight braids, wetting them, and then ironing them dry with a flat iron.

I lived through the monstrosity of the bustle—truly an instrument of torture if ever there were one.

A few years later there was the torture of waists pulled in until the frames of women were pictured in medical journals and some of the magazines of the time showing that their ribs were bent in and curled under until they seriously interfered with the functioning of the heart, liver, lungs and stomach.

The Tight Sleeve Craze

About this period there was a craze for tight sleeves.

A woman must have the sleeves of her dress so tightly fitted to her arms that the dress could only be removed by turning the sleeves wrong side out and peeling them down as one peels off stockings.

At about the same period men were wearing trousers so tight that I imagine they must have been removed in the same way.

Very shortly thereafter perfectly enormous sleeves were introduced into the dress of women, and collars were so high that I have seen the unfortunate victims with raw sores behind their ears and at the base of the brain, where the steel supports that held up these huge collars had cut into the flesh.

It was during this period of the world's history in dress that an American woman of great wealth called upon Tolstoi and told him that she had read his books and had become his disciple.

The old count searched her with a wandering stare from head to heels, fixing finally on the sleeves. Then he said:

"Madame, there is enough goods in each sleeve of your dress to make a dress for a child," and marched from the room.

Very shortly after this period trains and high-heeled slippers came into universal use.

Because a profligate French king found high heels convenient for dancing, at this very day I see girls in a startling combination of khaki breeches and French heels climbing the mountains of California.

I see them hobbling on morning shopping tours, over the sands of the seashore, wearing these high heels on long walks, and dancing in them until one can see that the tops of their feet and their ankles are swollen like puffballs.

Very frequently through the thin hose there can be seen bones pushed out of place, great buntions formed on the big toe, and the foot very nearly as badly deformed as the bound foot of the Chinese women.

Those Awful Trains

About the time that the French heel began to rage, fashion evolved the train.

Soon trains appeared dragging up the aisles at Sunday morning church services, and finally they were on every garment cut for female wear.

They swept the streets, wiped up buildings and dusted houses, until the marvel is that anyone survived their filth-gathering propensities.

My faith in the germ theory was rudely shaken.

I call to mind these things because, no matter how absurd other things we are doing may appear at the present, I feel that the clothes we are wearing today are the most sane and sensible that ever have been worn in the history of civilization.

Our present garments are fashioned of soft, pliable material that is cool and comfortable to wear. As I look back to my youth and recall the women in church and society, in the most blistering Summer weather clad in an unbelievable array of underclothing, topped shoes, and wearing dresses of heavy cloth, silk, satin and velvet, high throated, long sleeved, I wonder how they survived.

I am strongly in favor of every comfort and convenience provided by the clothing of the present day. I am a victim of the delicious feel of silk stockings. I love the soft little undergarments it is possible to secure.

A Matter of Shoes

I never have worn a French heel; all my life until the past few years my feet have set a mark upon me. I have persisted in having low heels, a vamp the width of my foot.

At the same time I have an extremely high instep, so for years I was unable to secure anywhere in the United States a good-looking shoe for reception or evening wear. I kept a model of my foot with one of the big factories in New York state. When I wanted a new pair of shoes I sent a piece of the dress with which I wished to use the shoes, and if the material were suitable I frequently had shoes made from the dress material. If they were high shoes the tops were made of the material, and the bottoms matched or contrasted.

For morning wear, walking or any outdoor appearance I always wear the round-toed, low-heeled shoe.

For canyon, desert or mountain work I wear high-topped boots as a protection against thorns, cactus needles and snakes; for field work, the knee-length laced boot, and, in the swamps, rubber.

I happened one day to be driving past one of the high schools of Los Angeles at the hour of dismissal. I was directly opposite the exit when several hundred girls, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, poured from the building.

They were so brilliantly arrayed, their hair was so marcelled and curled and elaborately dressed, their faces were painted so white, their cheeks and lips so red, that I said to the genetlman with whom I was driving:

"Oh, this is one of the places where they make moving pictures! Those girls have been acting!"

A Task for Parents

I learned to my great amazement that I was witnessing the daily dismissal of a high school.

I am very certain that an accurate count would have shown that for each girl appropriately dressed there were fifteen or twenty wearing party hair dressing, clothes suitable for an evening entertainment, high-heeled shoes, and their faces made up exactly as if they were going before the screen to be photographed for moving pictures.

I think the young girls of Los Angeles have had particular temptation in this direction, because the city is swarming with hundreds of exquisitely beautiful women from all over the world, who perforce must go about the city made up for their parts.

But it appears to me that if parents began with their children while they were young, dressed them suitably for the time and the place and explained why, we would would have more educated women by large numbers.

I know from bitter personal experience what happens to the daughter of a minister who has not the fancy ribbons, the silk and velvet school dresses, the high-heeled shoes.

To me there is nothing so ridiculous in all this world as a woman who dresses her hair in a particular way because it is the prevailing fashion, without the slightest regard as to what it does to the lines of her face.

It has been the commonest thing in the world, during the past few years of abolished ears and elaborate earpuffs, to see women with oval faces and high cheek bones reduced to ludicrous specimens by the manner in which they dressed their hair—women who might really have been beautiful had the lines of their faces been considered.

A Golden Opportunity

So far as I am acquainted with the history of the world, women never has had the opportunity to clothe herself so beautifully as she may be clothed today.

The market now affords every kind of shoe for every shape of foot.

Soft, clinging materials of exquisite sil kor finely woven wool are to be had.

The array of bead, fur or embroidered trimming is bewildering in kind and beauty; and never have the manufacturing establishments sent out such artistic and beautiful color combinations.

Any woman, by the exercise of common sense, good taste and a little imitative faculty may be beautifully and appropriately clothed at reasonable expense.

But many women, in following what they are pleased to feel are the dictates of fashion, discover to the uninterested spectator blemishes that one marvels to see thrust upon the public.

I do think these things could be eliminated if people really would have the courage of their convictions, and very quietly and firmly frown down upon and give the cold shoulder to women making bold to appear in what are nothing short of indecently thin, low cut, immodestly designed gowns.

I do think that the whole world could be made infinitely purer, that there would be much more time for reading and thinking and the development of mental gifts, if people would only be satisfied with less expensive and less extreme clothing.

By doing this a long and important step could be taken toward development of mentality and toward a real, heartfelt brotherhood of man.

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3 MONTHS WITH THE GREAT

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 24 Is "Review: Great Men and Women of the Old Testament" — Hebrews 11:1—12:1.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

THE world's history is written in its biographies. Men and women, in their moral characters, are in the last analysis, the real world powers. A nation's destinies are determined, ultimately, by the ethical ideals of its people. What makes this western world radically different from the older people across the seas from whom we spring? Is it not the free, more independent and more individual spirit of the great masses of the common people.

So this quarterly summing up of the series of International Sunday school lessons reveals the manifest truth that the studies have been studies of men and women of the character of the few influencing the many, and of the patent principle that a nation goes up or down according as its citizens are good or bad—in a word, that in the case of the Jews of old, their national strength lay in righteousness, and their national danger and decline were consequent upon departure from the laws delivered to Moses on the Mount.

As was plainly evident in the lessons of the past three months, so it is true today, that the decisive factors in a nation's life are the forces which make for righteousness or unrighteousness. The agencies which are at work along fundamental lines may not be spectacular or even immediately visible at all, but they are most potent. The strength of this nation is not in its laws, but in the ideals that are set up in the uncounted homes of the plain people all over the land. The lessons taught at mothers' knees, the standards acquired in public schools, Sunday school and church—these, though the shallow may ignore or despise them, are what determine a nation's character and success.

Half a Millenium.

Something like half a millenium is covered by the biographies of the great men and women of the Old Testament which the Sunday school lessons have been considering for three months. They range from the year 2000 B. C. to that of Nehemiah, in 444 B. C. That seems long ago. To most of us it represents a realm of unreality. It is as remote as fairyland. Yet this very Winter the spade of the scholar has been busy in the homeland of Abraham, Ur of the Chaldees, and in the land of Joseph, Egypt, unearthing the contemporary secrets of the time. We are learning a new respect for the Old Testament as real history of actual men and events.

Nine men and two women were the central figures of the quarter's lessons. Merely to name them calls up thoughts of great living:—Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Ruth, Samuel, David, Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Esther.

One of this list was a great king and one a beautiful woman. Three others dwelt in palaces and deserve the title of statesmen. Six were prophets, of whom one was the world's greatest lawgiver. One was a peasant girl, who became mother of kings. The first was history's foremost pioneer. So the group of characters is as assorted and diverse as life itself. Their common bond was a rare sense of God and of loyalty to Jehovah in a polytheistic age and environment. They constitute a sort of spiritual and universal "who's who."

Men Who Stood Out.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone.
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design."

These were lonely men whose fame we today celebrate. Theirs was the isolation of great souls. They walked apart, because they walked with God. Each was despised by some or all of his contemporaries, because God was more real to him than his babbling, bustling fellows. Every one of them passed through the deep valley of renunciation, where souls grow strong. All were misunderstood and rejected because they were great.

In circles of superficial culture, it used to be the vogue to treat Abraham as a mere Arab sheikh, an unlettered wanderer in the wilderness, with all the limitations of tribal life and views. Now that, within recent months archaeologists from the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum have been digging out the wonderful ruins of Ur of the Chaldees we are learning that Abraham was a citizen of a great capital of culture, trade and empire. He knew the world's ways. He was no dark pagan mind, illumined only by a faint gleam of light concerning the One True God; he was a gentleman and a scholar, learned in all lore of the sophisticated Chaldeens. It took stern stuff to cast off all the allurements of the brilliant city of his fathers, to go forth in quest of Jehovah. History knows him as the peerless adventurer who pioneered the way to knowledge of the Supreme Being, and as the one who became "the friend of God."

Joseph, too, and Moses were city men, possessed of all advantages, and active in large affairs. Their characters meet the need of busy men who are misled by the thought that religion belongs to the country, with the folks back on the farm or in the small village. Thank God, faith is rooted there; but it also blossoms and fruits in the urban centers and the world's capitals, where heavy responsibilities turn men's thoughts to the need of a Greater than themselves. We want today a spiritual leadership that is born of experience of affairs.

The Women of Two Sorts.

Most interesting of all the Old Testament tales of women are the stories of Ruth and Esther, one a Moabite widow so poor that she gleaned after the reapers for daily bread for herself and her mother-in-law, Naomi; the other a Jewish favorite in the court of the Persian king. Myriads of girls in every generation since have borne their names in tribute to their characters.

What characteristic unites both women? Is it not the quality of loyalty? They stood true under stress. Ruth clung to her husband's mother when prudence counselled her to remain with her own kindred; and so she became mother of the line of Judah's kings. Esther risked her throne and her life itself in loyalty to her nation. So she saved all the Jews of Persia and throughout the world the whole Jewish race honors her in the annual Feast of Purim. By the way of the cardinal virtues we may unexpectedly go to higher places than even we dared dream for ourselves. Loyalty always leads to largeness.

Then we have a lesson on David, the shepherd boy who became a king; who was faithful in lesser things so that he was made a ruler over greater things. We are attracted by his record as a warrior and as a sovereign; and absorbed in his greatness and in his frailty. But most significant of all is that he lived life ever looking toward God. He is one of the race's profound interpreters of the relation between man and the Infinite.

Four Men With the Word.

Grouped together in their mission and in most of their characteristics were the four prophets, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah and Jeremiah. They were the voice of God to the Jews. We loosely speak of prophets as foretellers; they really were forthtellers, men who spoke out the will of Jehovah for their nation. While their own personal experiences might be plunged low in persecution and hardship—"The poet learns in suffering what he tells in song"—yet their vision ever soared to the heavenlies. They were intent upon the divine meaning of things.

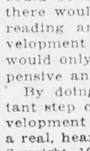
Two timely words need saying about these Hebrew prophets of long ago. First they revealed the nature and mind of the One God. All the ages since have been their debtors for the progressive revelation which they set forth of Jehovah. Many of their utterances remain unsurpassed today. And in their conception of the social justice of the Lord, our modern sociology is only beginning to catch up to them. What a privilege it was surpassing that of warriors and conquerors and kings to be messengers of the revelation of the Infinite and the Eternal!

Second of the outstanding points to be made concerning these four prophets is that they were all passionate patriots. They thought ever in the national terms. They were the messengers of God to their own people. They interpreted the highest truth for the most practical and immediate needs. God's will for Israel was the burden of their messages. To show the spiritual significance of events and to call kings and people back to loyalty to God, was their principal mission.

Happy is the country whose prophets do not fail her in the gravest hour; and who, rising above all popular clamor, are alert to hear the voice of God for their own day and their own nation.

SUFFERED WITH SEVERE ECZEMA

In Rash. Over Twelve Years. Cuticura Heals.



"I suffered for over twelve years from a very severe case of eczema. It broke out in a rash and the itching and burning were intense. I lost a great deal of sleep and rest and I was much disfigured. From my feet to my knees I was covered with the rash.

"I was unable to find a cure until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I immediately found relief and I am now entirely healed after using four cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment." (Signed) A. R. Kirchhoff, 52 E. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. N, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

WENT HUNGRY TO WORK ONCE; NOW WEALTHY

Rich Director Once Expended His Last Sou to Buy Champagne for Critics.

When Chauve-Souris, Russian theatrical hit of New York, London and Paris, hid its premiere in Paris three years ago, Balieff, the director, was so poor he had to postpone eating dinner until after the performance.

That's the story going the rounds of Paris theatrical circles, now that the Chauve-Souris has come back to its original stamping ground after runs in New York and London.

Balieff had only five francs left of the little capital with which he had worked up his performance, when he went one day to the director of the Theater Treateau Fortuny to try to lease it. The taxi driver got the five francs. The theatre director demanded a deposit of 3,000 francs.

Three days later Balieff returned, not with 3,000 francs, but with 300 collected from friends.

So enthusiastic was Balieff the director decided to take a chance. He didn't even ask for the 300 francs.

On the night of the premiere Balieff expended his last sou for champagne for newspaper critics he had invited and passed up his own dinner.

Today Balieff is said to be a millionaire, from a French point of view.

Dutch Visitors Find Dry Law Effective

A two months' tour through 25 states and Canada to survey the effectiveness of the Eighteenth amendment for the Dutch Society for the Abolition of Alcoholic Drinks has convinced them that prohibition in America is a marked success, E. Meulen, president of the society, and N. A. DeCries, a member of a provincial cabinet in Holland, reported last week.

Catarrh Yields to Treatment More Easily in Summer

Warm weather is less irritating to the mucous linings than cold. Consequently the summer months offer a logical opportunity to get rid of catarrh, the disease that weakens you and disgusts your friends.

PE-RU-NA

The Remedy

During the past fifty years or more experience has taught a very great number that Pe-ru-na is a reliable medicine to aid the membranes in recovering from inflammatory conditions, stimulates the appetite, regulates the bowels and clears away the catarrhal wastes.

There is no better time to start than now.

Ask for the Original Catarrh Remedy, Pe-ru-na

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, postage prepaid.....75c

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Toledo, Ohio, under the act of 1918.

Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1923

There are a few pretty elbows.

Any man who can't make a fool of himself without drinking whisky lacks versatility.

There are people who make themselves unhappy by forgetting what they have and remembering what they want.

A married woman who doesn't look good in black must dread widowhood above all things.

What's become of the old-fashioned fool-killer who used to think he was busy if he had one job a week?

A man isn't a has-been until he quits trying and spends his time talking about past achievements.

Even in a land literally flowing with milk and honey there would be the problem of convincing the pessimist the milk was not sour.

There is a difference between masculine and feminine vanity. Masculine vanity parades on state occasions and feminine vanity parades all the time.

More people are interested in the problem of how to live fast, and meet the expense, than how to live long.

Debs thinks he ought to have a bonus as a war liability. He certainly wasn't an asset.

"Some say the Statue of Liberty looked over her shoulder when she heard the cheering for Al Smith on Manhattan Island." She'll be drunk next.

For the present Uncle Sam is through casting bread upon the waters in Russia.

Personally, prohibition works well with those who don't regard the acquirement of a drink every whipstitch as one of life's highest attainments.

Naturally the crooks are opposed to laws intended to keep them straight.

Love laughs at locksmiths and indigestible biscuits.

Sentiment had much to do with President Harding's recent purchase of a farm. But what is back of Jimmy Cox's purchase of a cow and calf?

Many people seem inclined to express their cussedness by stressing the fact that it wasn't their fault they were born.

Some of the self-styled 100 per cent Americans are really 15 per cent Americans and 85 per cent for Samsonizing the pillars of the government.

Miss Edith Wayne of Portland, Ore., can stand on her head fourteen minutes. If that girl joins her sister women who are now prominent in politics she will go far.

Truly necessity is the mother of invention and a woman has patented a cow-tail holder. Every man, woman, boy and where are you going, my pretty maid? who has had a cow's wet, unkempt, odoriferous caudal appendage garlanded about his or her neck in fly-time will hallelujah the cow-tail holder and applaud the genius who has conceived and designed it.

The world could stand more nonstop marriages.

A wet lawbreaker's reverence for the Constitution can't be much more than one-half of one per cent.

There are fewer self-made men than there are self-painted women.

Lima Beane says the pessimist asks what the world is coming to and the optimist answers that it is coming to.

What is wanted in New York is an alcoholic content that will inspire a consumer to purchase the Woolworth building for fifty cents.

Humility is a great virtue if it isn't permitted to run down at the heel.

We suppose girls wear green shoes because they're cool and red shoes because they're red.

Uncle Joe Cannon's birthday cake had 87 candles. Having been a congressman for half a century, Uncle Joe could blow 'em all out with one blow.

Women kiss each other to show they can do it without biting.

Many elders seem to regard spooning as something new—a modern invention. They are either forgetful or regretful.

Rain is never postponed on account of a picnic.

Life must be dreary in homes where there are never any children to keep the corners of the rugs kicked up.

One reason there are so many laws is because it takes a rap over the head to appeal to the conscience of many men.

"Bringing up a family is a full-time job," says Mrs. David Lloyd George. One might add that a good mother's way of saving the country is to save the family.

So many people seem to think life ought to be one continuous shady lane and no mosquitoes. The Garden of Eden episode spoiled that.

William J. Bryan has been made a doctor of laws. Well, there are a lot of ailing laws.

Honest confession is good for the other fellow's soul. Your own soul, of course, is a horse of another color.

American charity is moving out of Russia. The work of prying stomachs loose from backbones has been completed.

Deaf to Reasonableness

Travelers in Germany who inquired why the government of that country was so persistently indefinite about reparation offers have been invariably answered that the demands for reparations have themselves been indefinite. Germany could never learn, with exactness, what the total would have to be. Whether the excuse is a good one, or a bad one, it has sufficed with the German people.

France has occupied the Ruhr district because she has been unable to obtain any satisfaction from Germany in regard to indemnities. She accuses Germany of evasion. She charges that the inflation of the German currency was for the deliberate purpose of escaping reparations.

One of the reasons given in Berlin for procrastination with the reparations question is that France will not give guarantees, in case the indemnity ante is raised, to get out of the Ruhr.

One of the explanations made in Paris for the contempt with which the latest German offer is received is that the government of Germany says nothing about ending passive resistance in the Ruhr.

So the political chess-game proceeds in Europe. Each move, instead of bringing peace nearer, creates a new grievance which must be taken in hand and settled. Each side is afraid to make concessions lest they be more than the opponents expected. Each side advances its nationalistic interests against the general welfare of the world out of which it obtains its due proportion of benefits. There is little of what we call reasonableness in the whole European situation.

Many Americans seem to think that all we have to do to bring order in Europe is to go over there and pat Germans and Frenchmen on the back and say, "Now, boys, let's get together and see if we can't clean this mess away." The idea is that Europe yearns for our advice as a hospital patient prays for some soothing drug. It is a foolish mistake. Europe is in what some people term a "state of mind," meaning that it is obstinate, cantankerous, ill-tempered, caring more about getting its way by bullying or trickery or bullheadedness than by "open covenants openly arrived at."

As well for us to try to calm a thunder storm by reading it a bedtime story.

Globe-Trotting Flyers

The development of the airship—the dirigible balloon—has lagged so far behind that of the airplane that most of us have come to think of it as an experiment which has failed and nearly been abandoned. The Zeppelins were spectacular during the war, but not noticeably successful. Military airships, since the armistice, have mostly distinguished themselves by blowing up and killing their airmen.

But an English government report announces progress in the construction and operation of airships and points out a field of usefulness for them which does not compete with that of the airplane.

The airship of today can be run continuously for a week at full speed. It can be driven, without stopping, from London to Capetown. Where an airplane would have to land at least once a day for the replenishment of oil and fuel and the rest of pilots, an airship could go on hour after hour, crossing seas, dodging customs officers and paying no attention as to whether it flew over a country waiving its claims to the air above it or over one that was fussy-minded in this regard. It is for the air what a transcontinental train is for the surface of the earth—meant for long distance traffic.

The present-day airship is sturdier than its predecessors. Soon it may use the non-inflammable helium gas instead of hydrogen. The early hangars for airship were exceedingly expensive and to get a vessel in and out of them required the services of from 200 to 300 men. The hangar has been succeeded by the mooring mast, and the workers in charge of it need not exceed eight.

The principal barrier before the airship now is the cost of the thing. The English report indicates that only through government subsidies may commercial operation come about. This is particularly unfortunate because governments are bound to look at aerial development from the military point of view rather than that of peaceful purposes.

The Spirit of Youth

The enormous amount of propaganda against war appears to us to be lost energy. The nation is not thinking of going to war. It is very largely engaged in binding up the wounds of the struggle of four and more years ago, restoring life to the old peaceful order and calming the restlessness which, like an epidemic, swirls through the world. Virtually all the talk of war is upon the lips of those who discover some strange satisfaction in reviewing its horrors.

Yet, if war should come which in our blindness we cannot foresee, we know exactly what will happen. The young men of America will go to the front with the same cheerfulness that shone in the faces of the ones who took service for France. The sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of soldiers will be as soldierly as they. These may understand more of what war means than their predecessors, the curse of war having been so minutely and persistently described, but they will not hang back. We may be sure of that.

And all the endeavors to get the word "war" out of the school textbooks, the twaddle about war pictures and emblems of war as an incitement to the spirit of combat in children, the nosiy and apparently unnecessary propaganda of today, will not more stand in the way of recruiting armies than the spider's web across the path of the hunter.

There is such a thing as a national tradition of loyalty to the flag. There is such a thing as heredity. Human nature is little affected by persuasion when ancient impulses beat through its veins.

Whatever the formula may be that will put an end to all war it is not the attempt to make young men see what they will have to face in battle. Feeling that the life of their fighting for it they will yet march forth though they may have been taught that the portals of hell yawn for them.

Those Intelligence Tests

An anaysis of records in one school shows that the majority of boys who received poor marks in the elementary grades made high marks in the intelligence tests. Twenty per cent of those who made the best marks in the elementary schools were rated low in the intelligence tests. Very enthusiastic claims have been made for the thing called psycho-analysis. It has been the mainstay of those gloomy-minded persons who are anxious to prove that the average mind in America is that of a fourteen-year-old child. But psycho-analysis has the defects of anything else which hinges on human judgment. It is not infallible. It probably never can be made infallible. Before we can trust to intelligence tests we have to be pretty certain that those making the tests have brains. Unfortunately, it has sometimes appeared as if psycho-analyists had been sent into the world without this equipment.

Pushing Reform Too Hard

Reform must be fed to a people in strictly limited doses. The Stambulisky government attempted to reform the Bulgarian nation, from king to humblest peasant, as a hurry-up job. A group of revolutionists, made up of several parties, seized the capital and the principal towns. The populace was remarkably complacent. It accepted the change of government with a sigh of relief.

The betterments which Stambulisky either planned or brought about seem to Americans to be poor inspirations to rebellion. The powers of the king were reduced and he was reminded from time to time that his seat upon the throne was a shaky thing indeed. All children were compelled to attend school, all young men and women were forced to serve the state for a period of months without remuneration. The alphabet was taken in hand and useless letters were eliminated. The ministers who had brought Bulgaria into the World war were tried as traitors. Treaties with Turkey and Czecho-Slovakia were permanent arrangements for neighborly good will rather than the usual Balkin truces.

What the Bulgarians have rebelled against, apparently, was the arbitrary action necessary to push through such a program of reform in a hurry. Stambulisky is described in the proclamations of the new government as a tyrant. Yet it is clear that he had the welfare of his people in mind, that he wished to bring Bulgaria quickly out of the distress of the war and that he desired peace in a region that less than any other part of Europe has known what peace is. History will doubtless call him a patriot. He made a very common mistake of feeding reform to his people on a quantity production basis. Stomachs rebelled against the treatment. The triumph of reaction was as natural as the rebellion of children against hothouse training.

Another of Those Circles

Negroes have planted most of the cotton fields of the South and picked most of the product. The ground has been plowed by mule-power. Mule-drawn cultivators, guided by Negroes, have performed the weeding. Mules have delivered the cotton to the local markets. And no one has been able to handle mules as efficiently as Negroes.

The labor of generations is deserting the cotton fields. White men who used to ride around upon white horses and boss the work are now, by hundreds and thousands, doing the humbler tasks themselves. But they don't get along as well with mules as the Negroes do. Some way they don't get the right intonation into their mule-talk.

So, more and more tractors are taking the place of mules. Young men are getting to think in terms of mechanics, to work as mechanics, and do more in a day by means of machinery than several Negroes did before with hoes and mules and highly picturesque language.

The demand for tractors is causing a demand for labor. And a good deal of the obtainable labor for the tractor manufacturing plants is that same labor which, for generations, has planted and harvested the southern cotton.

Man is as old as he feels when he crawls out of bed in the morning. For comparative purposes, note the spirit of hilarity with which the children get up.

Old Soak's ideal ticket for 1823: For president, Al Smith; for vice president, John Barleycorn.

Not everybody can sing the Star Spangled Banner. But even a one-armed man can wave it.

Mother's address: "Home, Sweet Home."

LABOR CHEAP IN GERMANY

Mechanics Receive 25 Cents Per Day

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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GERMANY is the Samson of the commercial and industrial world. Before the Great War he was conquering his competitors, capturing markets from Peking to Paris, from Berlin to Bagdad, and from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan. He has as many antics as the Samson of old and his dumping policies injured the trade of his enemies as did Samson's 300 foxes with the firebrands tied to their tails when they burnt up the corn of the Philistines. He overcame them with the cunning of a fox rather than the new jawbone of an ass, and by his organization and unscrupulous methods was everywhere victorious, when he was charmed by the Delilah of Military Ambition. He went in unto her and slept on her knees and she shaved his hair to the scalp. Now his strength is gone for the time, and the French by taking the Ruhr have bound him with fetters of brass. But once let his hair grow, and he may yet pull down the pillars of Dagon and involve the industry and trade of all other nations in ruin.

The German Peril.

I must confess I am afraid of the Germans. They are indomitable workers and keep on plugging away under conditions which would light the fires of revolution in France, bring Bolshevism to England and overturn everything in the United States. There are millions now employed in the factories at wages which do not equal more than 25 cents gold per day. They are as skilled as we are. They have almost as good plants, and they work with modern machinery. We worry about the "Yellow Peril," consisting of 300,000,000 Chinese who work with their hands. It is a poor machine that does not multiply the product ten-fold. On that basis these 60,000,000 of Germans are equal to 600,000,000, or twice the Chinese, and just now the wages are not far apart. I do not know the average factory wage of the United States. One of our billionaires who makes cheap automobiles pays his men six or more dollars a day, and I venture the average American gets at least three dollars for his every eight hours of work. These Germans are doing the same kind of labor at three cents per hour, and they are making goods to compete with ours in the markets of the world. There is a mighty difference between 25 cents and three dollars, and a still greater difference between three cents an hour and the from one to three dollars an hour of certain American mechanics, and this difference will show in the prices at which the goods can be sold. The greatest cost of manufacturing today is in the labor required to produce, and it will be long before we can raise our tariff walls high enough to shut out German goods when conditions again become stable. The wages will rise, but the difference between 25 cents and three dollars is so great that the possible damage is almost beyond computation.

Europe's Greatest Electric Plant.

The above is by way of introduction to some visits I have made and am making to the chief industrial plants of this country and to talks with their highest officials as to present and future conditions. I shall first take you to Siemensstadt, an electrical city with 20 minutes of the heart of Berlin in a high-powered automobile. The place compares in extent with the Westinghouse works at Pittsburgh or those of the General Electric Co. at Schenectady. It is the home of a firm which has 95,000 employes working in its great establishments here and in other parts of the world. It has about 50,000 at Nuremberg; it has electric installations of one kind or another in every great city in Europe, and its name is known wherever electricity is used. In the general offices at Siemensstadt there are almost 5,000 employes, and the factories cover many acres, being divided up into units each making a certain kind of electrical goods,and some of the units employing more than 10,000 men. The homes of the workmen constitute a city having in the neighborhood of 100,000 population, in the center of which is the office building where I was received by the general manager and given every facility for examining the plant.

From the Clock Tower.

I was first taken by an electric elevator to the roof of a square tower which rises over the main office building. It has an electric clock on each side, the face of which would cover the floor of your parlor and the roof gives a view of the plant. It stretches far and wide on every side—great buildings of steel, iron and glass, each of five or six stories. Each building is separate, and often some distance away from the others, and all are humming with some special industry. One, for instance, is making automobiles, another electric light machines and others portable heating apparatus or telegraph instruments, including the tickers from which brokers read their stock market reports. There are gerat shops making electric fans, acres of works devoted to dynamos and smaller establishments where they turn out the most delicate apparatus for scientists, surgeons and dentists.

Coming down out of the tower I strolled about from one great building to another, stopping here to watch them make electric motors for house industries and farms, going through plants where they are building machinery for mines, including sinking pump motor and electric rock drills, and thence to the great turbo-generators of which they have erected about 600 with a total output of 250,000 kilowatts. I saw, also, the machines which were working on the street railway plants, and on the cables for the transmission lines which are now being established in Norway, Sweden and elsewhere. They are making also, automatic telephones which are rapidly coming into use in some of the countries of Europe. Everywhere the hands were busy, and the work as good as that in our great United States establishments.

I made some inquiries as to wages, and was informed that 25 cents is high for the average man at the machines. One of my guides, the head of a department which employs 6,000 men, told me he is getting only about $10 a month, and that notwithstanding the fact that before the war he made $4,000 a year. In the factory I saw three men straining as they carried a machine weighing several hundred pounds from one side of the room to the other. I asked their wages. The reply was in marks and it equalled less than two cents an hour. The elevator man inside the tower said his wage was 50 cents per week and that it took one-fourth of all he made to pay for the milk for his five months' old babe. The head of the department of whom I have spoken, only occasionally has meat on his table, and he is still wearing the clothing he bought during the war.

German's Electrical Industry.

These are the wages in an industry which prior to 1914 met its competitors in all parts of the world. The Germans have always stood high in electrical matters. In 1913 their exports of electrico-technical products were valued at $69,000,000. Germany was then exporting more than $11,000,000 worth of incandescent lamps and about half that value in the form of appliances for illumination and the transmission of power. It was producing almost 100,000,000 light bulbs per annum, and of these it exported 50,000,000. There is another electric company which is about equal to Siemensstadt. It is known as the Allgemeine Elektrizitats - Gesellschaft, and before the war it had a gold capital of almost $40,000,000 and was making a profit of $4,500,000 per annum. During the war it was turned to electro-military purposes and its profits jumped up to $6,000,000 and then $7,000,000 and over. In 1917 the capital of the company was increased, but the shares were then quoted at 232. The company here is the Siemens-Halske and Siemens-Shuckert, and it has probably done equally as well. It is one of the oldest electrical companies, having been founded more than three-quarters of a century ago, when Werner Siemens began to build telegraph apparatus. Siemens was one of the great inventors, having discovered the rynamo-electric principle, and his inventions have kept this company far in the lead. About 20 years ago the Siemens company was combined with Schuckert and Company and since then it has been in the front rank of the electrical industry, and when the mark becomes stabilized it will have a bigger export than ever.

A Talk With the Director.

During my stay at Siemensstadt I had a talk with Dr. Ing. Carl Kottgen, the chairman of the board of directors, as to the business situation present and future. He says Germany can have no real progress until conditions are settled and the nation has a stabilized mark. Today the bulk of the electrical trade is domestic, consisting of replacements and repairs required on account of the war, and the changes in money values are such that business cannot be done.

Said Dr. Gottgen: "The money of tomorrow may be worth only half as much as the money of today, and so when we think we sell at a profit we find we have sold at a loss. It takes four times the work and brains to run our business now that it did to run the same business before the war. We get only about three-fourths as much out of our labor, and the socialistic organizations are cutting down not only the time but the efficiency of the men as well. As it is now, we work only eight hours and our wages are high in comparison with the work we receive. When the exchange becomes stable they will go to the highest."

"It is said that your captains of industry, including Hugo Stinnes, are in favor of keeping the mark low. Some think the whole scheme is to get out of paying your debts. They say you have impoverished the investing classes and that once matters are settled you will start out with good plants free of debt, and economically conquer the world."

"That is blooming nonsense," answered the chairman of the board. "I know Stinnes. We have a combine with him. We all want stable conditions and we must have them to do business either here or abroad. As it is now I cannot tell whether I am going to make a profit or a loss. When the mark is stable these low wages will disappear automatically, and our competition will be on an equal basis throughout the world. After that our industries will come back to normal. What we need is a government that will tell Germany it must work more and work harder. Poincare has promised that Germany will pay, but there is not enough production going on here to pay France. Do you think the Germans are going to work 15 or 20 years and give one-tenth of their earnings to France? Not much!"

They Blame Poincare.

"The evil genius of the present situation," continued Dr. Kottgen, "is that man Poincare. He had a great deal to do with causing the war, and history will show that his ambitions are even more audacious. The evidence of this is found in some documents unearthed by the Bolshevists regarding his actions in 1914 relating to the mobilization of the army in Russia. What he wants is to separate Northern Germany from Southern Germany and to hold on to the Rhine and the Ruhr either as an annex to France or as so closely allied to her that they will be an economic dependency. That man is the cause of most of our trouble today."

"What should America do?"

"I cannot say as to that. You are a funny people. First you come to Europe to do some fighting. You lend money and men. Then you drop out and say you are done with Europe but 'please pay me my dollars.' You could do a great deal if you would, for you are today the richest and most powerful nation of the world. As for England, she is done for, and the expense of keeping her empire together from now on will be so great that she cannot regain her supremacy. If America wants to help she should be interested in and take part in European affairs."

I find the captains of industry all over Germany anxious for Uncle Sam's help. They long for the American market, and say that their life blood lies in foreign trade. I have just had a talk with Dr. Bucher, the head of the Union of German Industries, along these lines:

Said he: "Germany has an entirely different place from that of America in the world of manufactures. God has given you enormous resources. You have a large part of all kinds of raw material and your agricultural wealth is such that you can feed and clothe your whole nation. Germany has but few raw materials and our food resources are such that one-third of the people must rely on their norulshment from the outside. We have 20,000,000 who have to be fed in that way, and the only means of feeding them is by exchanging the goods we make for the food.

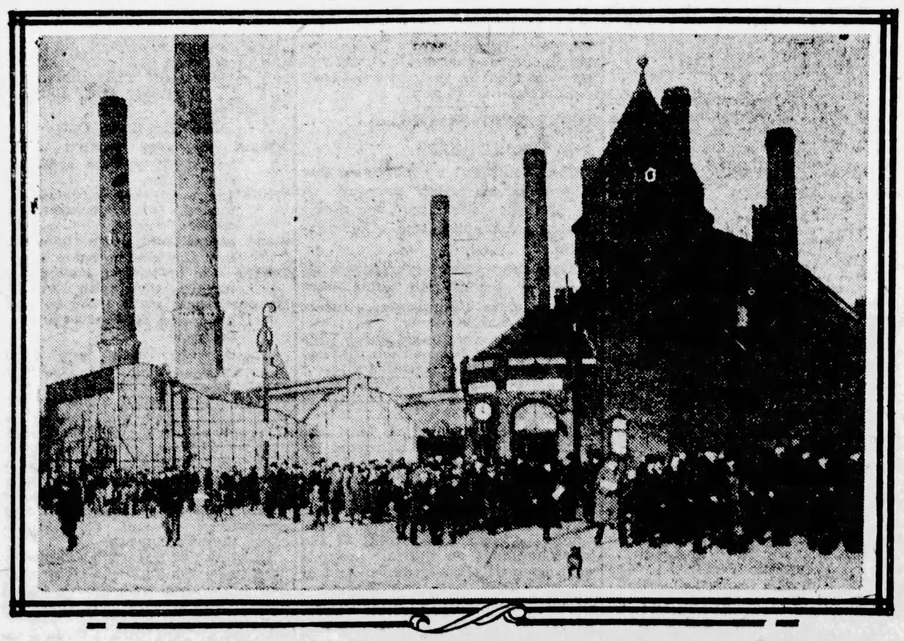
"Moreover, we have to work for our living and the good Lord has given us but little outside our brains and muscles to work with. Before the war we succeeded, but only by working two hours more every day than you did. Now our socialistic government has cut down the 10-hour day to eight hours and it is difficult to see how we can hold our own. We certainly cannot do so if we are to be treated as slaves rather than men."

The Loss of the Colonies.

"We were getting on fairly well before the war came," continued Dr. Bucher. "We had studied the wants of the nations and were trying to supply them. We had large colonial possessions which we had begun to develop. They gave us much of our raw materials, and were gradually furnishing markets. Now these colonies have been taken away. We have lost the greater part of our capital and an enormous number of our most valuable men. The loss of man power which occurred from the war is our greatest loss. Included in it were more than two millions of our best educated laborers and thousands of students, doctors, chemists and other industrial scientists. We had one regiment of 3,000 men which was made up of intellectuals, including experts of all kinds. Not one came back. We lost 1,500 such men during the battles of Ypres, and we were losing specialists all the time. The building up of our factories and the resumption of our industries, when conditions become normal, can be accomplished; but it will be a generation or more before we can get back the brain power, the experience and the skill embodied in the educated among our best soldiers.

"As to America and its part in Europe," Dr. Bucher continued, "I do not see how you can keep out. Modern wants and modern communications have made the world one vast whole. Distance has been annihilated and a blow struck in Paris or Berlin is felt the next moment in Peking or Bagdad. America is only six days from Europe, and the wireless and cable bring the whole world to one's ears. The diplomacy of today has not recognized the change in conditions. It needs international organization and international understanding for the business of today and the future. Emperors, kings and diplomats have passed away, and we have in their place a business world that must be managed along economic lines so as to supply the wants of all the people. We should all work together, and this I believe will be the condition of the world of the future."

Quitting Time in German Factory



—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

IT IS only four o'clock yet all the workmen of this German industrial plant are quitting for the day. Their employers complain that the Socialists have cut down the efficiency as well as the hours.

ABE MARTIN

We'd hate t' be a European nation stallin' around on nothin'.

Fat people are allus one way, even when a shoe becomes untied.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

The Long Ago

AS we journey to and fro, we old graybeards fume and fret; things grow fiercer here below, worse and worse, already yet; in the hallowed Long Ago things were different, you bet. Young folks hit a sober gait, and the night lights didn't glow; children took their lectures straight, for a lecture beats a show; people went to bed at eight, in the saintly Long Ago. On a shelf upon the wall stood good volumes in a row; moral tales and sermons all, things the people ought to know; scribes had brains instead of gall in the snowy Long Ago. But a young man I have bored with a talk along this line, says, "Oh, gaffer, you have scored things I thought exceeding fine, and you've told me how you soared in the blissful Auld Lang Syne. All the world was sinless then, you have often told me so; but I've heard from other men, relics of the Long Ago, that you'd find a boozing ken every hundred feet or so. Here's a street, oh, ancient wight, stretching out for verst on verst, and there's no saloon in sight, by the Demon Rum accurst; there's no bock beer sign bedight with a legend prompting thirdst." Then I lean against a fence feeling hollow, weak and gray, for the youth is talking sense—all those dens are done away; and I bid him journey hence till I think up things to say.

Copyright, 1923, George Matthew Adams.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Sick Baby

Poor little drowsy eyes,
No joy in them today,
No laughter, no surprise,
No wish to romp and play.
Poor little hands that lie
So simply at your side,
Last night we heard you sigh,
And wondered why you cried.

Put all the toys away.
No smile the rabbit brings,
There is no joy today
In all those pretty things.
My watch has lost its charms,
You are too tired to play;
Only your mother's arms
Can comfort you today.

Poor little cheeks so red,
Poor little fevered brow,
Little you know the dread
Which weighs upon us now,
Little you know the fear
Which chills us through and through;
No joy can rouse us here
When joy has fled from you.

We hear the neighbors say:
"Tomorrow she will smile;
She will begin to play
In just a little while.
Some slight disturbance makes
A baby moan in pain,
Yet when the morning breaks
She will be well again."

Yet when the baby's ill
And fever burns her cheeks,
It seems our hearts stand still,
The hours are long as weeks.
So sad is she to see,
So pitiful her pain,
We quite forget that she
Will soon be well again.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest)

Pinchot Dry Fund Bill Meets Defeat

Although disappointed at the failure of the general assembly to provide prohibition law, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania let it be known that he had not wavered in the slightest degree in his views concerning the dry law. The money for its enforcement, administration leaders declared, would be found in some other way and the governor's program carried out.

The fight over the enforcement item threatened to delay final adjournment of the legislature when the lower house refused to agree to the appropriation and the bill was returned to the senate.

Governor Pinchot congratulated the legislature upon the enactment of laws carrying out the three main planks of his campaign platform—prohibition, a budget system and reorganization of the state government.

VARIETIES

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,862 times in the Bible.

Some butterflies have as many as 20,000 distinct eyes.

Spain has declared radio telephony a government monopoly.

More than 10,000 books were published in England last year.

It is possible in France to insure the life of a child one day old.

The port of Seattle boasts of two of the largest piers in the world.

New York has an average of one fire every 21 minutes, day and night.

In Europe it is customary to leave visiting cards on the graves of poets.

The Pacific northwest has 300 logging camps, employing 150,000 workers.

The amount of strength exercised in an ordinary handshake is 11 pounds.

The Polish people never swear in their own language, but always in Russian.

The planet Saturn has a ten-hour day, instead of a twenty-four-hour day, like the earth.

King is the most ancient of titles. It, or its equivalent, is found in every known language.

White and blue foxes are not different species, but merely two color phases of the same fox.

Walnut shells, which hitherto have been regarded as waste matter, are now made into charcoal.

The telephone industry in the United States gives employment to more than 300,00 persons.

The Chinese word for "hash" is the longest and most difficult word to pronounce in the language.

Artificial limbs were used in the time of Herodotus, the father of history who lived 490-409 B .C.

It is an old superstition among actors that eminent members of the profession die in groups of three.

When the sparrowhawk is swooping down on its prey it cleaves space at the speed of 150 miles an hour.

Application for patents in England last year numbered 35,500. This is the second largest number on record.

France has passed a law whereby all motion picture films used after June, 1925, must be noninflamable.

Diamonds have been discovered in a district in Dutch Guiana which has yielded gold for more than 40 years.

If we move our legs proportionately as fast as an ant, it is calculated we could travel nearly 800 miles an hour.

When an adult human body is cremated the residium is a mass of gray ashes weighing about two pounds.

Gasoline fumes in a room where ventilation is inadequate produce cases of acute or chronic gasoline poisoning.

Jesselton, a city in what was formerly the wilds of Borneo, is considering the installation of automatic telephones.

A Frenchman spent 10 years of his life to invent a noiseless clock, and when he had succeeded nobody would buy it.

For more than 100 years a famous firm in London has been inventing and manufacturing locks and safes to baffle burglars.

The best camembert cheese is made from the milk of Norman dairy cattle, which are kept in the open air at night.

A little more than one-third of the virgin timber supply of this country is now owned by the federal and state governments.

Two thousand five hundred years ago Hindoos performed surgical operations for cataract by a method which sill survives.

A new fiber substitute for jute, obtained from the malvavisco plant, has been discovered by Mexican government laboratories.

In the United States there are five acres of forest land to every person, in Norway there are seven, and in Sweden, there are nine.

It requires just double the power to propel a steamship 20 miles an hour that it does to drive the same vessel 16 miles an hour.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds avoirdupois and $1,000,000 of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

Thousands of years before the invention of cotton machinery in Europe, Hindoos had cotton gins, spinning wheels and looms.

Greece hopes to reclaim 2,700,000 acres of submerged and marshy lands to provide farms for Greek refugees driven out of Turkey.

Iceland's geysers never shoot their water higher than 100 feet, while some of the Yellowstone geysers go more than three times as high.

Christopher Columbus, who was an admiral in the Spanish navy at the time he discovered America, was paid at the rate of $333 a year.

If all the organic life were reduced to one mass and spread over the face of the earth, it would cover the surface to a depth of only a foot or so.

Experiments indicate that forests of many species of temperate zone trees can be raised successfully on the bare slopes of Hawaiian mountains.

The elephant does not smell with his trunk. His alfactory nerves are contained in a single nostril, which is in the roof of his mouth, near the front.

Because bandits cut down telegraph lines and use the copper in making bullets, point to point radio communication is proving a boon to China.

Mangoes were first introduced into Jamaica in 1782 from a French ship load of economic plants bound to Haiti, which was captured by the English.

Approximately 7,000 tons of newsprint are used in the United States every day, 2,500 tons of which could be collected and cleared of ink for use again.

The government of Paraguay has established certain zones of temperance, within which the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are prohibited.

The amount of silk produced by the spider is so small that a scientist has computed that 663,522 would be required to produce a single pound of thread.

The banana produces more food to the acre than any other plant. Its yield is about 50 times more than the potato, and about 150 times more than wheat.

In spite of the tremedous strides of the electrical industry, the gas industry today employs five times as many men and 20 times as much capital as in 1890.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

DON'TS

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

The world is full of dont's. It's don't do this and don't do that the most of us are tired of seeing the word in print. Yet we must have dont's. Usually they make the person think that possibly he is wrong when he is right. If there were only one person in the world there would be no need of don'ts because what that lone inhabitant did would not interfere with anyone's rights for the simple reason that there wouldn't be anyone else to have rights.

Because some don'ts are absolutely necessary we are going to write of a few of the most important.

Don't be too positive. It's not advisable to make a positive assertion unless you know that you are absolutely right. Too many people are too positive. They think they are right and do not hesitate in asserting their infallibility. If the other person proves you are not right you feel ashamed if you have been too positive.

Don't be bossy. The bossy man or woman is a pest. There ought to be some poisonous spray to exterminate these persons. The bossy person wants everything done according to his method. No other method is any good. The real bosses in the world are not bossy. They give their subordinates leeway. They tell them to do something without outlining every step that should be taken. It's up to the subordinate to accomplish the job but when his boss is too bossy the finished work is not nearly as acceptable as it could be.

In your relations with your friends it pays not to appear bossy. Don't try to make them do something they don't wish done. If you are a member of an organization remember that there are other members, each of whom has opinions. Their opinions may be as good or better than yours. Don't ridicule them. And if the majority is against your ideas forget about it. Don't quit the organization. It will continue. It's you who will be the loser.

Don't always refuse to listen. There are people who never listen. Instead they always want to hold the center of the stage. They believe that all conversation in a crowd should come from one source—their mouths. If someone else starts to say something the eternal talker talks him down. He never shuts his mouth to open his ears. Listening pays a person. You may learn something you never knew if you tried to listen now and then.

Don't be snobbish. Snobs only furnish amusement for many. A snob thinks he is better than most of us and takes the pains to show that he thinks so. As a matter of fact he isn't one bit better. A red-blooded individual instinctively clinches his fists when he meets a snob. It is too bad there is no open season on snobs. Then a few of them might change their attitude toward others.

Money makes many snobs. A family is fortunate enough to fall heir to some money and often it immediately severs relations with old friends who haven't much money. The next step is to show off and then the home in the old neighborhood is sold and the family moves out among the wealthy to ape their ways and try to be one of them. Sense of humor saves those who have been snubbed. They can laugh heartily.

Don't gossip. There is no one meaner than a loose-tongued gossip who makes the rounds of the neighborhood peddling lies and near lies about someone else. Gossips usually have vivid imaginations which they employ wrongly. They half listen to some rumor and then go out to broadcast it. In the end the story has become greatly elaborated and the victim has been slandered.

Don't try to be popular. It means failure if you do. Those who work untiringly to be regarded as popular by their friends are usually unpopular because the efforts they put forth to gain popularity are the very things that lose them popularity. The person who goes along respecting the rights, opinions and actions of others, who does not peddle gossip, who is not snobbish, who is a good listener, who is never bossy nor positive is the one who is the most popular.

There are too many don'ts expressed nowadays but a few of them are necessary. Many persons don't think and they should. Calling to their attention of a few of the most important don'ts may cause them to think it over and help them out in the end. That's why we are writing about don'ts.

They Join the Spring Graduates

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

The youngest and healthiest graduates in the world, 40 infants were graduated from the Bronx, New York, Red Cross health center. Here are four of the best babies getting certificates for health at the health center.

Chat With Cousins

Many of our family have been reading with interest the articles published every week on page three by Gene Stratton Porter. Her novels have always been popular with the cousins, and her present articles on home and family life are proving just as popular. The series is limited and they won't be published forever, so if you have not read any of them you had better get busy. They might help you considerably.

Aunt Martha has secured a new feature for this page, "Jimmy's Letters." The purpose of this feature is to scatter a little sunshine. It is all right to be serious, but we must have a little fun mixed in to enjoy life, and Jimmy is trying to furnish the fun. Aunt Martha hopes you will like his "stuff."

The dainty little water color from Abigail Brown Tompkins is appreciated.

Abigail Gray's letter on "No Furs for Her" got her name on the May honor roll, but evidently her opinions on the subject do not meet with universal approval, judging by the letters that have reached this office. Ruth Berger wonders how it can be wrong to kill some fur-bearing animals when they are dangerous to man. Ruth does not believe in any hunter killing every bird or wild animal they see just for sport, but she believes dangerous animals should be killed. Ruth wants a discussion on whether the cousins think it is cruel to birds and animals to place them in cages and keep them there when they long for freedom. What are your ideas, cousins? Write and tell us.

Lone Bird of N. C. sent Aunt Martha what she calls turkey grass. It was the first time she ever saw anything like it. Lone Bird says she loves to see snow, but not 12 feet deep, as described by Anne of Green Gables. It rained for two weeks where Lone Bird lives.

The poems, "Titanic" and "Fond Affections" are asked for. Please send them directly to Leona Bates, Franklin, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

We can almost see the bobbed locks of many flappers bobbing up and down furiously as they read criticisms of flappers published on this page. Don't shake your curls off, girls,, but write and defend yourselves. Aunt Martha herself thinks bobbed hair looks cute on some, but on others it looks—well, too horrible to describe. All girls can't wear the same style of dress nor can they wear the same style of hair.

Yum! Yum! What do you think? Ribbon Bow of W. Va. just finished making chocolate fudge and all she does is tell us about it. The cousins will have to go to West Virginia if they want to taste her fudge. She promised to give Mr. W. B. some, but he'll act like a gentleman and offer Aunt Martha some, too. At least she hopes he does.

Too much trash is printed in book form and in magazines nowadays. It pays to censor the books that your children read. Within the year one story has been published in a magazine and a Sunday paper that is not fit to print. When young girls or young boys read this their minds are filled with things that should not be there. Youth is easily impressed. We should not allow rotten fiction to appear in public print where it can influence the youth of the land. Watch the books and stories your children read, but don't arouse their curiosity or they will read them despite your efforts.

This is the month of strawberry jam. The jam that you eat next Winter is made this month. The younger element is interested in the shelf devoted to strawberry jam. Fill it full.

Some day we are going to write an ode to cherry pie. The only reason we haven't is that no ode could ever compare with cherry pie. A cherry pie in December is a bright bit of June to cheer up the bleak days of Winter. Cherry pie is a fitting accompaniment to fried chicken. Let's have more of them.

Half the year is gone, or nearly gone. Have you saved any money? Of course, you will save some the next six months. But will you? That's what you said last January. Did you? We thought so.

POETS' CORNER

Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man finds
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The wild waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happier spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven."

Grandma's Legacy

My Grandma's had anozzer shock,
I fink 'twas Monday morn;
And Tuesday papa's leg was broken,
And now the baby's born.

I don't know what the nurse can mean,
She said o'er and o'er:
'Tis always so, it never rains
Unless it's sure to pour.

The baby he's so awf'ly sweet—
He's just the fing we need;
But papa looks so sad and says,
Anozzer mouse to feed.

We never has noxing to eat
Cept just what pa can earn;
Ma looks so white and says she don't
Know now which way to turn.

'Twas yesterday a man come here
And said he came to take
Poor Grandma to the county house
Just for us children sake.

My mamma looked so sick and white
And said, Oh no no no,
You see our Grandma been so good
She couldn't let her go.

Now when the man had gone away
For good and shut the door,
My Grandma cried and said she knew
She wan't no help no more.

Then mamma kissed her poor white face,
And rubbed her hands so cold—
She Grandma to my ma you see,
That makes her aw'ly old.

Then mamma said, "the Lord is good,
We work and pray the while,
Behind the clouds there lingers still
The Savior's loving smile."

Then papa said he couldn't see
No Savior's loving smile—
He'd prayed and hoped, and hoped and prayed,
And starving all the while.

Oh we were all so nearly starved,
The bread was gone you see,
All but a tiny slice of toast,
And that they gave to me.

A man came to our house that night,
He came from over town
And brung a letter with the name
Of Mrs. Nancy Brown.

Now Nancy Brown was Grandma's name,
Ma read the letter through
And found it was a legacy
From Grandma's Sister Sue.

'Twas such a funny invelope,
So long and white and broad,
And Mamma said she almost knowed
It came right strait from God.

Poor Grandma could now have comfort,
Three blessed meals a day,
And then my mamma looked so sweet
And kneeled right down to pray.

So Grandma was rich at last
And smiled and looked so glad,
And told my papa he should have
Every blessed cent she had.

And then she crossed her poor white hands
And rested from her pain,
And gently, softly fell asleep
And never woke again.

Now we are rich and need not starve,
For comfort have no lack,
But seems to me I'd give it all
To have my grandma back.

The Starless Crown

Wearied and worn with earthly cares,
I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight
a glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstacy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns from every clime were there,
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne.
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory his alone."

But fairer far than all besides I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed in Me, and life through Me is thine;
But where are those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now.
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

"Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but for Him who died for me."
And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear this truth divine,
They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine.

Listen to the Mocking Bird

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie,
I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
For the thought of her is one that never dies,
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Chorus.

Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wail.

When the charms of Spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
When the charms of Spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough;
I feel like we are forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like we are forsaken,
For my Hallie is no longer with me now.

Ah! well, I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

Mixing With Martha

Luncheon

Brown Rice Croquettes with Tomato Catsup
Fruit Salad
Tea Cookies

Rhubarb Shortcake

Beat the yolks of three eggs until light and lemon colored. To them add one and one-half tablespoons lemon juice, one cup sugar and the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Beat thoroughly. Sift one cup flour, one teaspoon salt together and fold into egg mixture. Bake in two layers and serve with a filling and topping of rhubarb sauce.

Asparagus Salad

Mix together one cup cooked asparagus, cut into one-inch lengths, half a dozen chopped radishes, half a cup diced celery, three small chopped new onions and a little water cress and moisten with a French dressing which is made by using one-half as much vinegar as oil and a seasoning of salt and pepper or paprika. Arrange in mounds on nests of lettuce. Put a few rings of green pepper on top and inside of each have a dab of mayonnaise.

Green Pea Loaf

Cooked peas rubbed through a sieve, one and one-half cups; bread crumbs, one and one-half cups; milk, one and one-half cups, one egg, slightly beaten; one slice onion, chopped, salt and pepper to taste.

Scald the milk, add the onion, bread crumbs, peas and egg. Season to taste. Bake in a buttered baking dish or timbale molds in a moderate oven until firm, about 20 minutes.

Beans, mashed carrots, fish or corn may be used instead of peas.

Deviled Tomatoes.

Peal four tomatoes and cut into thick slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in two tablespoons of flour and fry in butter.

Cream one-fourth cup of butter, add two teaspoons powdered sugar, one teaspoon mustard, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and a few grains of cayenne, two egg yolks, slightly beaten and two tablespoons of vinegar. Cook over hot water until thickened.

Pineapple Pie.

Two teaspoonfuls flour, one teaspoonful lemon juice, one teaspoonful butter, three eggs, three cups granulated sugar. Mix flour with water, add well-beaten eggs, saving part of the whites for frosting, then add ground pineapple, lemon juice, sugar and butter. Cook until thick in double boiler. Pour into previously baked pie crust, frost and serve cold.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

Papa and Mamma had a fight the other night. I wouldn't know nothing about it if Mamma hadn't made me stay in because I got all dirty in the afternoon playing on the sidewalk. It made her mad and I guess Papa was mad too when he came home from work. Some book agent took up his time trying to sell him a history, although nobody knows what he'd want with a history as Mamma says he's always reading now when she wants to talk and he hasn't no history in the house.

Anyway Papa and Mamma had a fight. I don't mean they used their fists as Papa thinks it's wrong to hit a woman. He told me so anyway when I hit a little girl across the street because she knocked an ice cream cone out of my hand. And Mamma didn't use her fists either. I guess women never do. They bite and pull hair. At least that little girl tried to pull mine. But Mamma she didn't bite Papa or pull his hair. I don't know why she didn't bite, but Papa hasn't much hair to pull.

As I said before they had a fight. I don't know what grown people fight about much but they certainly do fight sometimes with their mouths. Mamma began on Papa right after he came home. It seems Papa gave just one look at her and something on his face made Mamma get mad. I didn't see him but I guess it wasn't a smile on his face, but something more serious.

Anyhow they started to fight. Oh, gee, what do you think? Aunt Martha said she hadn't promised me a whole column to fill up with my letter and I have to stop this time. And I was going to tell you about the fight. Anyway they started to fight. I will write more about it later.—Jimmy.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives.—U. S. Grant.

HOME BEST PLACE

A portion of one of my letters landed in "Snatches" once, but none ever reached the letter column. I hope Mr. W. B. won't be crabby and devour me this time. I like Garnet's suggestion to tell of the flowers which grow around our homes. Some which grow around mine are the pinks, white and blue hepaticas, the dog-tooth violet, purple violet, Jack-in-the-pulpit and a few lady's slippers. Not far from home is some trailing arbutus and all around we can find white lilies and pinks and white wind flowers.

I also like the cultivated flowers, such as carnations, pinks, sweet peas, pansies, morning glories. I like the chrysanthemum especially, as it is the flower for the month in which my birthday falls. In my opinion there is nothing more like paradise on earth than a lovely home with a grove of evergreens for a background and a yard filled with flowers, a flower-bordered path leading to the front gate and a green velvety lawn.

By a lovely home I do not mean that the house must be expensive with costly ornaments and furniture and decorated porches. A home with love in the hearts and loveliness in the character of those who dwell there is a lovely home. In these circumstances a little two-room shack would be beautiful to me.

I live in a nice home with good parents, brothers and sisters. All friends are made welcome here, and to me home is the best place on earth. Before I close I want to warn Bennie the Truck Driver not to run over W. B. He's been a real good fellow and devoured some horrid letters, which, thanks to him, you never saw. Beware.—A Lover of Home.

BOOSTS SHORT TRESSES.

Here I am again, begging for admission. Antigone, I can't agree with you about bobbed hair. I think short tresses are a blessing to any girl for when the hair is short one can give it better care without taking an hour of valuable time to arrange it. I know of what I speak for I belong to the clan of bobbed haired ones. Concerning what the Bible says is there anyone who pays much attention to Bible nowadays? It also says, "Thou shalt not judge."

Little Susie, I think one should be humble too, but not a doormat. I don't believe anyone will get to Heaven just because he lets everyone step on him. Too little humility is worse than too much. Peggy of W. Va., if I could dodge the waste basket as skillfully as you I'd simply evaporate with happiness.

Gboof Sbcz, how do you pronounce your name? Isn't it Fanny Raby instead? Well I see Antigone coming toward me with a big green bottle, labeled as hair grower so perhaps I'd better crawl out the window and seek my West Virginia home.—Maude F. of W. Va.

NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

Someone wants a ghost story so here I go. I saw and heard many ghosts one night a few years ago when it became necessary for me to spend the night alone in a cabin in the Alleghenies. At nightfall the whip-poor-wills gathered thickly around the house. They flew on the roof and the woodpile. Their plaintive calls increase loneliness but I have always found these wild mountain birds interesting.

I sat in the cabin door and listened to them for a short time. When it became very dark there appeared 50 yards below the cabin two glowing lamps or live coals, it seemed to me. I could not figure what these balls of fire were, and as the old cow changed her position I decided it was her eyes which were glowing, although I won't pretend that I didn't think of ghosts.

At that moment the frightful scream of a panther rang out and set the mountains to echoing. I closed the door in a hurry and stood trembling in the middle of the room. The mountains were unfamiliar and I had never heard the scream of a panther before. To add to my terror something dropped in the room overhead that sounded like a bag of beans and I thought of ghosts again. Then I tired to read about a hero of the Spanish-American war.

When I heard what sounded like a plank being dragged over the ground and dropped at the corner of the cabin I opened the door quickly, thinking it was a returning member of the family. A big black shaggy animal standing on its hind legs with his paws against the door confronted me. I fell back more dead than alive and a frightened collie ran off barking.

Later I listened for hours to the rhythm of hoof beats on the mountain road outside. I had heard of a bootleggers' rendezvous not far away. I did not fear them but neither did I open the door again until the wee small hours when the light of a late rising moon spread over the mountain and I heard welcome voices of the returning family. They seemed surprised that I had not retired and wondered if I had been lonely. I answered in the negative.—Dixie Moonbeam.

SET GOOD EXAMPLE

Everybody seems to be interested in comments on books so I will say a few words. Recently I read "The Tin Soldier" by Temple Bailly. It is interesting and full of pathos. There is a good deal of prophecy concerning what the returning soldier would find but in my opinion he hasn't found what the author thought he would.

Someone asked if parents are to blame if children are not good. Children are apt to follow in the footsteps of parents. Once a young mother with her husband and two-year-old baby moved into a house with a board roof. The roof was full of wasps. When the warm Spring days came the wasps would fall down on the porch and crawl about. Mother would put her foot on them and of course they couldn't sting through her shoe. But when the baby put her little bare foot on a wasp he sent up a howl. This illustrates that parents should not lead where their children cannot follow.

Uncle George described familiar ground. It is interesting to know how a place gets its name. There is a station near us called Wurno. It is said that while a gang of men were working near there a foreigner was sent to get some nails. He returned, saying, "Wurno," meaning there were no nails. Hence the name of the station.—Marguerite.

Snatches From W. B.

I live on a farm, going to school in the Winter and working on the farm in Summer. I like to read the letters from the boys and girls.—Country Girl of W. Va.

I am five years old and like to go with father to work on the farm as he lets me ride the horses. I save all my money and have a bank account now. I have four pet chickens and some pet rabbits.—Farmer's Baby.

Don't Spoil Them

When washing silk stockings with clocks of a different color, be very careful that the water is just lukewarm and that every particle of soap is rinsed out of them. Otherwise the clorks are apt to run and streak the stockings.

SANITATION IN HOT WEATHER

With the coming of hot weather the good housekeeper pays special attention to the question of sanitation in the home.

The cellar is perhaps the most important consideration. It should be kept dry and sweet. Cement floors are porous and need to be waterproofed with one of the special paints made for this purpose. The cellar walls should be whitewashed every Summer. If moisture stands on the inside they should be brushed over with a solution of one part hydrochloric acid (a poison) to 10 parts of water, and then coated with oil-mixed mortar. Airslaking a bushel of lime in the cellar will dry it out temporarily, for in the process there is an absorption of moisture from the atmosphere.

The refrigerator is of equal importance. It must be kept absolutely clean. All foods in it should be kept covered. Spilled liquids should be wiped up immediately. Cooking soda used as a powder is splendid as a cleanser, and it practically polishes the surfaces of chests lined with aluminum or zinc, as well as sweetening the air. Bits of charcoal (changed frequently) may be placed in the corners of the ice-box as an air-sweetener. But these sweeteners will do no good unless you give your refrigerator a good scrubbing once a week. Take out the racks and scald them thoroughly, then place them in the sun to dry. Wash the interior of the ice chest with a small scrubbing brush and tepid water containing a little dissolved soda (never use soap). Wipe out with a damp cloth, then with a dry one. Clean the drain pipe with a long-handled brush and flush it with a gallon of boiling water which contains plenty of washing soda. During this cleaning, the ice may be removed and wrapped in a piece of carpet or in newspapers.

Flies—We all know how to deal with flies—but do not let us neglect this enemy of sanitation! Screen not only the room windows and doors, but the windows of cellar and attic, where these pests may enter and later gain access to the main part of the house.

The garbage pail should be scalded out thoroughly every few days in warm weather. To make this easy, line it with newspapers after it has been emptied and cleaned. The garbage man will take away the newspapers with the garbage—thus leaving the can almost unsoiled. It may then be scalded and relined with fresh newspapers.

Cocoa or Chocolate

When a recipe calls for chocolate and you wish to substitute cocoa use two level tablespoons of cocoa for each square of chocolate called for. Increase the amount of fat a little, as cocoa has less fat than cake chocolate.

Mix cocoa and sugar together thoroughly—an easy way is to shake them together in a glass jar—it makes them easier to add to the other ingredients called for in a recipe for a cooked chocolate dessert.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Warm over sliced cold potatoes in milk.

A little lemon extract improves the filling of peach pie.

A fresh fruit ice is a tempting finish for the Spring dinner.

Beets keep nicely packed in sand, like turnips.

Finely cut celery is delicious in cranberry jelly.

Eggs are delicious baked in scooped-out baked potatoes.

Sweet potatoes are delicious scalloped with marshmallows.

To cure a bad nosebleed, inject a little lemon juice up the nostrils.

Try scalloping spinach with tomatoes, onions and bread crumbs. Season well.

To remove mildew stains from linen use a mixture of soapy starch and milk.

Pickled tripe is good fried in batter and served with mashed potatoes and stewed tomatoes.

Stuffed roast pigeon with mushrooms chopped and mixed with soup stock and breadcrumbs.

Chopped cucumbers mixed with chopped parsley makes an unusual garnish for jellied chicken.

Sweet potatoes are good baked and stuffed with cooked sausage meat.

To prevent pared fruit from turning dark, pour a little lemon juice over it.

After making shallot vinegar allow to stand for three weeks, and shake every day.

An excellent filling for Winter pies is made by combining dried apricots and dates.

When cooking prunes add about three-fourths cup of cranberries to each pound and sweeten to taste.

Never let your soup boil, keep it at the simmering point. The excellence of the flavor depends entirely upon this.

If the honey should become sugared, it will be smooth and clear again if the jar is placed in hot water for several hours, being careful that none of the water gets into the honey.

If the painted walls are cleaned while they are wet with steam, the job will be much more easily accomplished. Use a clean, soapy cloth, rinsing frequently.

MRS. HICKEY SO WEAK COULD HARDLY STAND

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

Worcester, Mass. — "I had some trouble caused by a female weakness and got so rundown and weak from it that I could hardly stand or walk across the floor. The doctor gave me all kinds of pills, but nothing helped me. I happened to meet a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,

so I thought I would try it. After taking it a week I began to improve, and now I feel fine and am doing all of my housework, including washing, sewing and house cleaning. I have recommended your medicine to my friends, and I am willing for you to use this letter as a testimonial, as I would like to help any one suffering the way I did from such a weakness."—Mrs. DELIA HICKEY, 4 S. Ludlow St., Worcester, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. This book contains valuable information.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears;
Pass it on.
—Henry Burton.

BIRDS OUR ALLIES

Just a few words today in behalf of our feathered friend, the bird. How many of you stop to think how much benefit we derive from them? The great fact of biology is the incessant war between insects and man. It is clearly within the bounds of probability that insects could make this world a desert and destroy the human race.

Insects prey upon every kind of vegetation that man produces and upon all domestic animals. The abundance of insect pests which the farmer has to battle with, is due largely, if not entirely, to the upsetting of nature's law by man.

As birds decrease, insect hordes increase. This must be reversed. If the right balance of bird life can be restored insect pests can be successfully controlled. Birds must be increased, and this can be done by educating all to the value of bird life, attracting birds to our farms by putting up bird houses, giving them protection and food during the Winter months and passing laws to insure their protection.

Worst of all, the insects are slowly winning, and for one reason, which is that stupid man, with the unbelievable short-sightedness, has deliberately attacked and destroyed his chief ally, the wild bird. A French naturalist has estimated that if the birds were all to disappear, man could live on the earth only nine years. For without the birds, all plants and trees and vegetables would disappear; the insects would eat them root and branch. When that happened, the cattle and the sheep would not have enough to eat and they would all die. Mankind, unable to survive on fish, or on the insects themselves, would perish miserably in a horrible, crawling, creeping world.

Let me repeat, this is not merely an amusing story. I am not dealing in figures of speech. The human race is fighting for its life. The farmer knows this.

In this ceaseless war with the insects we can only win or hold our own by the help of our natural allies, the wild birds. Since we have crippled these allied forces we are slowly losing the war, in spite of everything we can do with poisons and traps. Let us reverse our policy toward these feathered friends, for our own lives or the lives of our children might depend on their willingness and ability to help us. Let us treat them as allies, remembering that they must be paid like any other soldiers. They ask very little—only protection from mankind, instead of injury and death.

Surely there was never any army that fought so mighty a war so cheaply.

Boys and girls, let us remember to always protect our little feathered friends in every way we can and encourage everyone to do all they can for them.—Birdie's Friend.

EVOLUTION THEORY VAIN

Recently a prominent teacher in one of our universities was discharged for claiming faith in Darwin's theory that man came from monkey. I have been close to nature for "nigh on to 40 years," have studied the Bible more or less, generally less.

How can anyone go into the fields and wooded hills, behold the wonderful scenery, the flower-laden plants, the different foliage, the fruits, grain, the birds in their multi-colored dress, the sun, moon and stars, all harmoniously pursuing their separate courses, yet all a visible part of the perfect whole, and doubt the wonderful work of a mighty hand, the hand of our Creator, and say or believe that man came from the monkey species through evolution?

There surely is a God. Then why can't we accept His word that "He created man in his own image," without resorting to the monkey theory to explain our existence here?

The miracle of birth, the mystery of death, the very joy of living can only be the work of a master mind, beyond the power of man to understand. From the law of gravitation we get the adage, "All that goes up must come down." If man came up by evolution it is but natural to suppose that he would again reach his own level. How many believe that some day again we will become monkeys? One thought is worthy of the other. Why do people desire to claim kinship with the monkey? Did you ever visit a zoo and look closely into the face of an ape? If we are related you must claim kinship for I won't. Because monkeys have skulls nearly the size of man's and a few bones and hair similarly constructed it is not very convincing proof that we used to belong to their species. Have a heart, friends. The evolution theory is vain and worse than vain. The monkey is proof of God's sense of humor but you won't convince me that God intended to make a joke of us.—Aunt Sallie Anne.

WORLD GOES CRAZY

Recently, while I was talking to a merchant he mentioned the insane asylum. I told him I had been in one for a long time and had been unable to get away from it. I was never more serious in my life when I made that remark. When we look out on the world today and see how it is drifting away we are sure it has gone crazy already, all except the few aged people who learned their lessons long ago and have not forgotten them.

The growing generation says it is having a gloriously good time. You do not know how to enjoy a good time unless you lived just before or after the Civil war. Every boy and girl in those days was an athlete. We all became athletes by strenuous work on the farm. When mealtime came we had appetites for the meal. We did not have to go to the store to buy it. We went to the smokehouse, the garden and spring house.

Some people say that to be able to live long one must be an athlete. I have never found an athlete who has lived longer than 60 years. Then most of them are gone before they have lived 40 years. Three-score and ten has been a great bugaboo. You often hear the remark from one who has reached the age of 70 that he has lived his allotted time and is now awaiting the summons. I enjoy every moment of my life and I am 77 years old.—Uncle George.

Health Hints

Young children may be inspired to clean personal health habits through stories in which fairy toothbrush, elfin hairbrush, little-dwarf nailfile, brownie clothes brush and old troll blacking brush are the chief actors. These fairy folk may go through a story continued from day to day, that will enthrall the children into a great fondness for them, if mother is imaginative and allows her imagination to have full sway, for the entertainment and benefit of her children.

Varnished Candles

Hold the candles by the wick and give them a coat of white varnish. Let them dry thoroughly and when you light them you will find the grease will not run down the sides of the candles and they will last twice as long.

A Linen Test

Wet the end of the finger and apply it to the linen. If the moisture does not at once soak through the cloth at that spot, it is not pure linen.

RIMROCK TRAIL

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

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(Copyright, 1922, J. Allan Dunn.)

Continued From Last Week.

"She'll stay in sight and touch," said Plimsoll. Then we'll know she's safe. We'll make Windy Gulch tonight and stay there. It's as good a place as I know. One of us can ride over the mountain to Redding and mail the letter."

Butch nodded. "Come on, Hahn," he said. "Let's leave 'em together."

Molly cast an involuntary glance at the opening door, watched it close after the pair of blackguards and braced herself. The issue was at hand.

Plimsoll slid a bolt on the door, brought over one of the makeshift chairs and placed it in front of Molly, seating himself. His alcohol-laden breath reached her nauseatingly and she turned her head aside. As if a trigger had been released Plimsoll's face became inflamed with a passionate fury. The veins on face and neck swelled and writhed like little blue snakes, his eyes congested.

"Damn you!" he said. "Don't you turn your head away from me. I'll train you to better manners before I'm through with you. You'll be jumping to do what you think I want you to before long. You'll be begging me for favors. You may think you're too good for me now. You won't presently."

She saw that she had gone too far in her disdain; that she must try to leash the devils that had broken loose in his brain.

"Just what do you want?" she asked, and her voice seemed not to belong to her as she utterred the words that showed no tremor.

"You! Not for love, my beauty! Because you are good to look at—yes. But I'll take my time. "I'll sip at the dish, my dear. I've got a big score to settle and I'll do it properly. We'll go over some of the items."

He got up and emptied a bottle that still held a generous measure. He staggered slightly and fumbled the chair as he sat down again. Molly watched him intently. If only he got sufficiently drunk. Before the rest came back. Perhaps she could get his own gun? Plimsoll laid a familiar finger on her knee and instantly loathing showed in her eyes. He laughed.

"Using that busy li'l' brain of yours, eh? Figurin' I'll get drunk. Want to play Delilah? Nothin' doin', m' dear. I made that booze and I know just how it treats me, sabe? Now then.

"Your guardian angel Sandy chiseled me out of my share in the Molly Mine belongin' to me 'count of grubstakin' your father."

"Thats a lie.'

"That's easy to say when it nets you a fortune. Easy to go back on a dead man's agreement. Four-flushing Sandy Bourke . . ."

Molly suddenly slipped back into the primitive. Something seemed to click and the refinement she had learned and used so far fell like a cloak that is dropped for freedom in battle. With the malignment of Sandy and her father she was Molly Casey, daughter of a Desert Rat, once more.

"That's another damned lie," she said.

"Haven't forgotten how to swear, have you?"

"I've heard how Sandy Bourke chased your rotten-hearted jumpers out off the claim and gave you until sun-up to sneak out of town. I've heard how you were afraid to look at him through the smoke but went galloping off while the whole camp laughed at you. Sandy a four-flusher! A coyote'll fight when it's cornered, but you . . ."

She had heard the whole story from Keith. It was a favorite tale of the promoter's. He used it as publicity across his dinner table. It gave the right touch of adventure to Casey Town. Plimsoll grew slowly livid.

"Heard all about it, did you?" he said slowly. "Then you know some of the score. And I can wipe off what I owe Sandy Bourke through you. And there are more items. There was the first time we met. I haven't forgotten that. There was the kiss you said you tried to bite out after you'd burned the doll I gave you. You told about that the next time I kissed you in the hammock at Three Star. You tried to rub out that kiss, too. Maybe the next ones will stay put."

"That was the time Mormon manhandled you." She saw the blue snakes crawl on his purpling skin, and she kept her eyes on them though her mental vision was on the holster beneath his vest. She deliberately taunted him to provoke him to an uncalculated move. Molly knew her own litheness, her strength. If she could get inside his arms, if even to endure a moment of his beastly embrace and could get a grip on the gun?

But there was something in Plimsoll that delighted in playing with a victim he felt sure of. It soothed his broken vanity.

"So," he said, "I'm going to get even with Sandy and with Mormon and that bow-legged fool Sam Manning who call you the Mascot of the Three Star, all at once; while I get even with you. And get what should have been mine at the same time. We'll have you tucked away while we mail the letter that will bring your ransom. Never mind the details of handling the money. I'll attend to that. But we'll bleed you dry. The price of all your stock and that of the three suckers at the Three Star at par—and all they can borrow on the ranch—that will be the price for you, my lady. With three days to deliver in."

"You talk like a crazy man, or a drunken one. They can't sell the stock in that time. And if you lay a finger on me they'll trail you to hell, Jim Plimsoll, and the devil himself won't stop them from skinning you alive."

Plimsoll shrugged his shoulders, but his eyes flickered and, for a second, his cowardly soul shrank.

"I'll look out for that," he said. "If you are delivered back to them as damaged goods they'll never know it till you tell them. Maybe you won't be anxious to do that.' His eyes grew moody, his manner sullen. He was passing into another alcoholic phase. Molly sensed imminent danger.

"I'll take those kisses now," he cried and lunged for her, catching her about the waist as she rose from the chair. "And more to boot," he added thickly as he drew her to him, one hand at the back of her head, fingers twining in her hair, twisting her face forward, upward. She had both arms inside of his, her hands on his chest. With all her strength she strained and pushed away, her right hand slid up to the holster, groping.

The gun was not there. Plimsoll had reloaded it during the meal and left it on the table. His breath sickened her. She got her arm clear and struck him viciously on the mouth, breaking the lips against his teeth. Fighting like a cave-woman, she scored his cheek with nails that dug deep from the corner of his eyelid and brought the blood. As he shifted his hold she wrenched loose, leaving strands of brown hair in his fingers, and jumped for the door. In her spring, she saw, too late, the pistol on the table. She drew the bolt, half opening the door before he caught her and dragged her back again.

"You wildcat," he panted. "I'll fix you."

Like a panther Molly fought, matching her young muscles against his, striking, clawing, biting. Her riding coat ripped, the neck of her waist was torn away. Maddened at her resistance he struck back. Once he got her about the throat, but her fingers were at his face, tearing at his eyes and he had to beat her off. The girl fought with all her sublimated despair of attacked womanhood, the man like a gorilla. The struggle was unequal, with more than forty pounds in favor of Plimsoll though, if Molly had possessed the puniest of weapons, she might have won. He held her at last, close to him, one arm wrapped about her, her right hand forcing the heel of the palm under her tucked-in chin, slowly, inexorably forcing it back while his bleeding, distorted face lowered. This time her arms were locked in bent double, useless. Her kicks were futile, she had only her teeth left and she was going to try those. But she knew her strength sapped, knew in another moment or two she would be at the mercy of this brute who did not know the meaning of the word.

A shadow barred the half-open door, low down. A pointed head appeared with blazing eyes, with a neck-ruff flaring high. White teeth showed as red gums bared in hate and, forgetting the wounded leg that had held him back, Grit hurled himself in a staggering but magnificent leap. He could not reach Plimsoll's throat, but he had lost much of his momentum through the damaged leg, he lacked power from loss of blood, but fury gave him strength for the spring that brought his teeth within reach of Plimsoll's right wrist, exposed; the cuff halfway up the forearm. Grit's teeth slashed like chisels, ripping through flesh, tendon and artery, sending jets of blood spurting before Plimsoll, with a yell of surprise and consternation, flung Molly into a corner, dazed and weak, and threw up his left forearm to guard against the dog's second leap.

It fell short. Plimsoll's right hand, scattering blood, groped blindly for the gun on the table behind him. He found the barrel and brought the heavy butt down with a crash on Grits head, back of the ear. The dog dropped like a length of chain. Plimsoll kicked the body viciously, taking the bandanna from his neck and tying it tight about his wrist, fastening the knots with his teeth. With a look at Molly, crumpled unconscious in the corner, he sought for more liquor, found it and poured himself a big jorum, gulping it down while the blood dripped heavily from the bandage. He was soggy with shock and fatigue, the strong stuff half paralyzed his faculties and he dropped into a chair, gazing stupidly at his wrist.

His imagination was a curse to him. He had seen Grit's slavering jaws as they rose in the leap, the crimson glare in his eyes. To all intents the dog was mad. It had been lying wounded in the sun. Only madness could have given it strength to track so far. What if it meant lockjaw — hydrophobia? Through his dulled brain ran like a black thread the impression that he could feel the virus stealing through his veins, stiffening his body. How long did the damned thing take. And the horrible ending! He had seen a man die of it once, butten by a mad collie, the same breed as the brute under the table. He had done for him, anyway.

Water—that was the test! There was water that Cookie had brought in for coffee, half a bucket, by the stove. He felt a sudden repugnance toward it. The slashed veins in his wrists burned and throbbed as if they were oozing molten lead instead of blood. And he was growing weak. If he didn't get a tourniquet fixed he might bleed to death. But what was the use?

Grit, who had opened a way out for Molly, lay still beneath the table. Molly, over-taxed, was in a swoon. Plimsoll sat in a stupor. The door swung wide. Cookie rushed in, his face muddy with alarm.

"The show's gone wrong," he cried to Plimsoll, who stared at him half-comprehending. "For Gawd's sake what's happened here? Gimme a drink.' He snatched at the bottle and swallowed from the neck. "Here, you need a swig. We got to git out of here, pronto. Have you scragged the gel?" He thrust the bottle at Plimsoll who drank, senses rallying by the urge of danger that emanated from the cook like the sweaty stench of a frightened animal.

"Brandon's gang has come back," said Cookie. "It's the damndest streak of luck. They must have fell in with Wyatt or some of his pals. They must have been to the ranch. They cut off the boys and the horses over by Sand Crick! Reynolds got clear. He saw them comin' an' streaked it. They were shootin' like hell, he said. But he got a start an' he fooled 'em. Lost em, if they tried to foller him.'

"And led them straight here," said Plimsoll with a curse, getting to his feet.

"Not him. He c'ud lose 'em twenty times between here an' Sand Crick. They were throwin' lead hard an' fast an' too busy to trail him if they saw him. He's gone out ag'in through the south end. Case they've got some one who does know the way in, he'll sidetrack by Spur Rock an' git through the pass at Nipple Peaks. It's hard goin', but we can make it unless we can git out this end. Hahn an' Butch gone up to the lookout to . . . Hear that?"

That was a single rifle-shot, followed by two others, the last almost as one.

"Hell!" cried Plimsoll, "they've got us this end. It's Wyatt. Just my damned luck for him to meet up with Brandon."

"Butch says it was the deal with that chap from Phoenix. He allus spotted him for a crooked one. They've planted hawses on us to prove up. And Wyatt has been in touch with Brandon ever sense you took his gel away from him. Come on, I'm goin'.'

He ran outside and Plimsoll followed to the door, lethargy leaving him in the face of disaster though he could not think fast or clearly. Hahn came clattering over the rocks on his horse, his face chalky white. He was reeling in his saddle, the horse spraddling, wild-eyed, almost out of control. Cookie jumped for its bridle as Hahn slumped sidewise in the saddle, clutched for the horn, missed it and was falling when Plimsoll caught him and helped him to the wall of the cabin where he leaned weakly. A blotch of blood showed on his left shoulder.

"Get him a slug of whisky," Plimsoll ordered Cookie.

But Cookie, his face twitching with fright, jumped for his own mount and went galloping down the valley to the south.

Plimsoll sent curses after him, reaching for his own pistol before he remembered it was inside, dragging Hahn's half out of its holster and then quitting as the fleeing cook tangented and disappeared behind some timber.

The handkerchief about Plimsoll's wounded wrist was now a sodden rag, but the loss of blood had cleared his brain. He set his left arm about Hahn and helped him into the cabin. Molly was stirring and Plimsoll scowled blackly at her. He gave Hahn a drink.

"Brace up," he said, "what happened? I know about Reynolds. I mean at the lookout."

Hahn finished his glass, pushed it out for another, gulped that.

"Got to make our getaway," he said. "Butch is done for. They got me here under the collar-bone. I reckon they touched the lung. I never saw such shooting. But Butch got Wyatt."

"Tell it straight," demanded Plimsoll. "How many of 'em? What did they do?"

"We no more than made the lookout," said Hahn, "before six men came riding along, heeled for trouble. One of them was the black-bearded guy from California who was here with that Brandon, first time they came nosing around. And another was Wyatt, God blast his rotten soul in hell for a twisting hound! Wyatt was just starting to point 'em out the entrance when Butch lets him have it. Hits him smack in the forehead. Before he could show 'em the way in. He may have told 'em about it on the way up. But Blackbeard must have caught the shine of Butch's barrel. He fires back—they all had their rifles handy cross the pommel—the bullet goes plumb through the tree and knocks Butch down. Went through both hips. He falls against me and I show in the open, sliding on that damned slippery boulder, sliding inside and out of range, but they got me.

"They'll be through any minute, Plim. They'll go careful until they find there's no one firing back at them. Then it won't take 'em long to figure out the way in. You can't tell how much Wyatt told 'em on the way up. They've got me. I can't ride. My lungs are filling up. Butch is paralyzed—if he ain't dead. A hell of a wind-up! You can make it out the way Reynolds did. None of the gang that left with Wyatt knows about the side-trail by Spur Rock. But you'd better beat it. Me, I've turned my last card. The case is empty!"

His head fell forward on to his arms. A trickle of scarlet came from the corner of his mouth. Plimsoll looked at him calculatingly. Hahn could not ride. But he wouldn't die for a while. To leave him here where the raiders would find him might mean a confession wrung from him that would tell of the get-away trail by Spur Rock and Nipple Peaks. He shook Hahn by the sound shoulder.

"Brace up," he said. "You can hide in Split Rock Cave. I'm going to put the girl there. Take another drink. Pick up some grub. There's water in the cave. You can come out soon's the coast is clear."

"I'll not be coming out,' said Hahn huskily. "But its a good move." He weakly collected the bottle, some scraps of food.

Plimsoll stooped over Molly, coming out of her faint, and gagged her with her own scarf as her eyes opened and looked at him. He took off her belt and strapped her arms behind her back. Then, despite his wounded wrist, he lifted her easily enough and strode with her out of the door, Hahn following.

Hahn's horse was standing there obediently with pendent reins anchoring it! Blaze and Plimsoll's black were nipping grass in the little corral where they had been placed. Blaze whinnied at the sight, or the scent, of his mistress. Plimsoll passed the corral and went through a grove of quaking asps to the wall of the side-gulch, keeping to the rock as much as possible. He turned into a cleft, stopping at a rock whose almost flat surface was level with his feet, a great mass of granite that some freak of weathering or convulsion of earthquake had split almost in half. Into the crevice a wild grape-vine had twined, and died.

"Can you make it, Hahn?" he asked.

The dealer nodded and knelt, using his sound arm to aid himself by the tough fibers, bracing with his knees. Down some ten feet in the crack he looked up, his ghastly face pallad in the shadow, with an attempt at a grin.

"Good-bye, Plim," he said. "Good luck! What do I do with the girl?"

"Keep her from calling out. She's gagged but she might try it. Make her nurse you. Do anything you damn please with her!"

Hahn dropped out of sight. Plimsoll did not wait but picked Molly up from where he had deposited her, a helpless bundle, on the rock.

"The bottom's soft down there," he said. "Sand. It ain't more than fifteen feet. Down you go, you hellcat! They'll have a fine time locating you. And you've got a dying man for company. He'll be a dead one before morning."

He lowered her, feet down, released her and watched her disappear. He swung about and ran back to the corral, his hurt arm throbbing with his exertion. He had entertained a brief thought of hiding in the cave himself, but the fear of madness from the bite had not left him, the suggestion of it coming on in an underground cavern sickened him with horror. He craved the open. He flung himself into the saddle of the black horse, once leader of a slickear herd of wild mustangs, magnificent for speed and symmetry, worthy a better master and galloped out of the corral, out of the side-ravine, into the open park. The rough towel about his arm was becoming soaked. Every jump of the black horse seemed to increase the bleeding. The spurt of fictitious energy that had carried him through since the arrival of Cookie was dying away. But he was on a mount that none could match, he was going on a trail that was hard to follow, practically unknown. Unless he was headed off he could break through. At Nipple Peaks he could rest, attend to his wound.

A shout, a bullet whistling past that nicked the stallion's ear and sent him plunging and bucking, warned him that his enemies had found the way in and were after him. He did not look back, but bent forward in his saddle and sunk the spurs into the black's flanks. The half-tamed mustang's indignant bounds spoiled the aim of the marksmen, and, though the steel-nosed missiles hummed like bees about them, they gained the shelter of the same trees that had covered Cookie. Belly almost to ground, the black swept over the cropped turf at racing speed, the drum of his hooves like distant thunder, crest high, crimson-satin nostrils flaring, mad at the sting of the red notch in his ear.

Round the elbow of the Hideout, with Brandon's men distanced, into the gorge at the south end. A wild scramble up a steep slope and the way to Split Rock was clear. Plimsoll smiled grimly. "Damn them, I'll beat them yet!" For a second he was silhouetted against a sky-line, then he plunged down. Fresh droppings told him that Reynolds had won clear. He was safe from pursuit. If the wound—he should have cauterized it. But . . .

He reined in for a moment. The sound of a shout rang in his ears. It was an echo, he fancied, it must be an echo, flung back from the mountain walls ahead. But it could mean nothing else than a view-halloo. Someone had glimpsed him disappearing beyond the ridge.

CHAPTER XX
Molly Mine

Sandy, replacing the blanket on Wyatt's face, examined his guns and started climbing up to the big boulder. He could not see the rocks displaced by Brandon's men from below, but he picked up the bloody imprint of Grit's pad, with other smears of blood less distinctly marked. Soon he discovered the narrow opening and proceeded cautiously. The moon was quite bright now and the daylight almost vanished. Only the afterglow still flamed in the eastern sky back of the violet cliffs. The touch of night chill was already threatening, great stars were assembling court about the moon.

To Sandy's right was perpendicular rock, to his left the curve of the blocking boulder with the skeleton tree topping it, withered in the cleft that had first nourished, then denied it nourishment. It gleamed silver gray, attracting his attention. As he gazed his sharp ears caught the tiny crack of a brittle branch. Instantly he dropped to all fours as a spurt of flame showed from the tree and a bullet whined over him, to smack against the rock and fall flattened.

Sandy did not move. He knew that, to the man firing, his fall might have seemed a hit, that he had beaten the missile by the space of a wink. He heard more broken boughs, as if his assailant were clumsily, assuredly, clambering out of ambush, and he shifted silently into position, rifle set down, both guns ready. There came a strange thrashing sound, a groan of mortal anguish, silence. If this was a trick it was a crude one. Sandy waited. That groan, half sigh, half rattle, could not be mistaken. He half circled the boulder, gliding up a flattened traverse, and saw, lying outspread over a low bough of the withered tree, face to the moon, gun away from the curling hand, Butch Parsons.

With ready gun Sandy reached him, bent, turned him on his side. A bullet had ranged through both hips, shattering them. The spine must have been injured. There were puddles of blood that told the injury was some hours old. Butch had lain there paralyzed, passed by Brandon's men as dead, lingering like the traditional snake until sunset to see and recognize Sandy coming through the gap, to use his last remnant of life to pull trigged and so to die, the injured vetebrae giving away to the effort, the spark of life pinched out.

Sandy left him and returned to the gap. He could still read sign, plain as it was on every side. He found the side-gulch, saw the cabin, saw Hahn's saddled horse grazing free, Blaze in the corral, the cabin door open with the moon streaming in. He had pieced out the puzzle to his own satisfaction. Brandon and his men had arrived and, in Hereford, they had run across Wyatt, procuring horses there and saving themselves the trip to the Three Star. Butch's body was evidence that they had not been unsuccessful, Wyatt's that the fight had not been all one-sided, the surprise not perfect. And, if Plimsoll had been warned, what had become of Molly.

He got an answer that made his heart stand still, then pound in a rush of action. On the floor, in the beam of the moon, lay the luck-piece, a few links of gold chain attached to the coin. Stooping for it, he brushed a strand of brown hair. Then he saw Grit's body beneath the table. Fury boiled in him, chilled to icy wrath and determination. He put away the coin and hauled out the dog's body into the moonlight. It was limber and still warm. Sandy rose from his squat and swiftly examined the cabin. He discovered a lantern with oil in it, which he lit. The condition of the fire, corroborating other signs, told him that the fighting was long over with, the issue passed on. He had no fear of interruption. Before very long Sam and the Three Star riders would be along. The sight of Blaze suggested that Molly was not far away. If she had gone, by force, or her own free will, the probability was that her own mount and saddle would have been requisitioned.

Sandy's capacity for reading sign was almost without limit. He was better at it than an Indian because he had equally good observation and better judgment. But, to find Molly, with the ground about the cabin cut by arriving and departing feet and hooves, with Blaze in the corral, was a miracle that called for more than eyesight and deduction. If he could revive Grit . . .?

He found water warm in a kettle; he had the first-aid kit with its bandages, iodine, lint. And, above all, he had Keith's silver flask, half full. He did not fail to note the empty bottles on the table, the blood marks where Plimsoll's vein had sprinkled and Grit had stained the floor. He found, too, a button of horn with a fragment of black and white check, torn from Molly's riding coat in the struggle. Sandy's anger crystallized into one ambition beyond the finding of Molly, and that was to kill Plimsoll, if possible with his hands. He pictured the struggle between the gambler and the girl, desperate on one side, brutal on the other and, whether the stake had been won or lost, he resolved that Plimsoll should die for that attack.

Now his hope hung on Grit. He squatted on the floor by the lantern, a gun handy in case of need. He took the collie's head on his lap and examined the blow made by the butt of Plimsoll's gun. It had laid bare the bone but he did not think it either splintered or fractured. Grit's tongue lolled out from between his teeth and his muzzle was dry, yet Sandy fancied breath still passed the nostrils and that there was a faint beat of heart beneath the heavy draggled coat, matted with the blood that had drained life from him. Sandy knew that dog or wolf or coyote will lie in a torpor after being badly wounded and often recover slowly, waking from the recuperating sleep revitalized. But, if he could bring Grit back, he must make fresh demands on him.

He washed the wound on the head and poured iodine into it. He did the same with the hole in the leg, cleansing it from the dried blood and hair. It had stopped bleeding. He disinfected it, bound it with adhesive tape and strengthened it with a bandage adjusted as expertly as any surgeon could have done. He pried open the jaws with but little resistance and let the tongue slip back before he poured in a measure of Scotch and water between the canine and incisor teeth. He tilted Grit's limp head, shut off his muzzle, stroked his throat and let the restorative trickle into the gullet. For a moment there was no response, then Grit coughed, choked, swallowed. Sandy repeated the dose with less water. It went down naturally. Almost immediately he felt the heart stroke strengthen. Grit sneezed, opened his eyes and feebly thumped his tail as he licked Sandy's hand.

"Grit, ol' pardner," said Sandy seriously, the dogs head between his hands, "yo're sure mussed up a heap an' I hate to do it, but I got to call on you, son. Mebbe it won't be such a long trick, but I can't git by without yore nose, Grit. It's worth more'n all I've got. An' I know yo're game. I'm goin to give you some mo' of Keith's special Scotch, which I sure had a hunch w'ul come in handy, an' then we'll try it."

Grit wagged his tail more vigorously and tried to get on his feet, but Sandy prevented him until the third dose was administered. Then he carried the dog outside to save him every foot of unecessary progress and set him down. The collie stood up, wobbly on one foot but able to stand, looking eagerly at Sandy, commencing to sniff the air. Sandy let him smell the coin, the strand of hair, the piece of cloth and, with his keenest sense stimulated with the perfume that stood to Grit for love, the dog wrinkled his nose and cast around. But he led direct to Blaze and stood by the horse uncertain while Blaze nosed down at him.

"Carried out of the cabin, son," said Sandy. "We'll guess at Plimsoll. He's got clear of the locality. Blaze knows but he can't tell. We've got to cast about." He picked up the dog again, puzzled, and looked about him in the gulch, suffused with moonlight. "There sh'ud be soft dirt under those asps, let's give a look-see there."

They had not gone five feet into the trees before man and dog made a simultaneous discovery. For Sandy it was a heel-mark left by Plimsoll, treading heavily under his burden, a slight depression enough, but plain to Sandy. Grit began to struggle in his arms. Molly's hair or body must have brushed against lower boughs at the same height that Sandy carried the wounded Grit and the scent still clung.

"They c'udn't go fur in this direction by the looks of the place, Grit," said Sandy. "See what you can make of it.' He put him down by the heel-print. Grit uttered a low growl deep back in his throat, his ruff lifted. Hatred replaced love, but the two odors and emotions were inextricably linked for Grit that day. He started off, hobbling along, leading truly over rock or sand, into the cove where the split rock lay, its crevice black, the vine curving down into it like a serpent. Where Plimsoll had laid her down Grit halted and raised his head, his tongue playing in and out of his jaws in his triumphant excitement, his eyes luminous, his tail waving like the plume of a knight. Sandy gently patted him, pressed him down to a couch.

"Down charge, Grit," he whispered in his ear. "You've got it. You stay here." Sandy had left his rifle at the cabin when he carried Grit out, now he spun the two cylinders of his Colts, lowered himself into the split, holding on to the vine, looking straight into Grit's lambent eyes.

"Stay here, son," he said softly, and Grit licked the face now on a level with his own. "I'll be back."

Sandy doubted whether he would find Plimsoll in this rock hollow, or any one but Molly. There had been the one horse saddled and grazing free, but that might have belonged to the dead man by the withered tree. It made little difference. There was, to him, the certainty that Molly was there and there was no other way of finding out or getting to her. He had adventured more dangerous chances than this.

He felt his legs dangle into space and his hands found a curving loop in the vine trunk that sagged slightly under his weight. Extended at full length his toes touched bottom. Letting go, he dropped lightly and stood in blackness, the crevice above him showing a strip of azure light. Sandy listened, wishing for Grit. He might be able to get him down, now that he knew the depth of the descent.

There was only the sound of dripping water. He had a vague sense of empty spaces all about him. He ventured a match, holding it at arm's length in his left hand, flicking friction with his nail, an old trick. The match caught and began to blaze instantly in the still air. Low down, to the right, there showed a stab of flame, the roar of an exploding cartridge, the reek of high-powered gas seemed to fill the cavern. The bullet passed through Sandy's coat sleeve. If he had held the match in front of him he would have been shot through heart or lungs. His right-hand gun barked from his hip, straight for where the flame had showed, then to right of it, to left, above, his left-hand gun joining in the merciless probe. No second shot came in answer.

Sandy lit another match. Its flare showed him a sandy floor, slightly sloping, moist in one place, a charred stick at his feet. It was a pine knot, half burned, and he lighted it easily, advancing toward the spot where he had flung the shots he knew had silenced whoever had fired at the first match. He found Hahn, crumpled up, shot through the right arm and a thigh, besides the other wound in his shoulder. There was not much life in him, he had suffered a hemorrhage twice before Sandy came; the shock of the two bullets had brought on another.

To Be Continued.

Signor Nitti, Italian statesman and former premier, is an inveterate smoker, and to safeguard his health he has adopted the novel plan of smoking one year and then entirely abstaining from tobacco the next.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

THESE styles are attractive enough to persuade any woman that she needs a new frock. You need at least one printed cotton, so try No. 1761. Something decidedly new is the long-waisted style shown in No. 1767. Dresses of contrasting material, like No. 1770, are quite charming and of course the porch frock, No. 1755, is a necessary adjunct to the wardrobe. Maybe the young miss needs a now dress. If she does, Nos. 1777 and 1735 are particularly attractive.

No. 1767—Late Model—This is long-waisted dress of voile, crepe de chine, georgette or chiffon. You can obtain patterns in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. For the dress in size 36, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material is necessary.

No. 1770—Contrasting Materials—Frocks of this type take so little material that very often remnants can be used. Patterns come in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. For the dress in size 36, 1⅞ yards of 32 or 36-inch material with 1⅝ yards 40-inch contrasting is sufficient.

No. 1735—Kerchief Dress—Between the ages of 10 and 18, one's fancy is very likely to divert to the 'kerchief frock. Mother will approve too, for in the 16-year size only 2⅜ yards 36-inch material for the dress and ¾ yard 25-inch material for the Bandana is required. The pattern can be had in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18 years.

No. 1761—Printed Cotton Frock—Certainly your Summer wardrobe is not going to be denied at least one frock made of a printed cotton. For this design in size 36, 3¼ yards of material 36 inches wide with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting is required. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

No. 1755—For the Porch—This plain and checked gingham required only 3¼ yards of material 36 inches wide with ½ yard 18-inch checked material so that it can be made for only 75c. Isn't that tempting? The pattern comes in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.

No. 1777—Girls' Dress—Bits of colorful applique give this simple little model a distinctive touch. The original frock was made in apple green chambray with bits of colored cottons gathered from mother's scrap bag appliqued on the pockets and to trim the front of the waist. The dress pattern can be had in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires in the 8-year size, 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Child-birth

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!

When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says: "With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse, and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA 46, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

MUTT AND JEFF— Jeff Knows Next to Nothing About History — By "BUD" FISHER

MUTT, I WAS TALKING TO A VETERAN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR TODAY! INTERESTING CHAP!
IMPOSSIBLE! THAT WAR WAS FOUGHT 150 YEARS AGO!
WAS IT THAT LONG AGO? MY WORD— HOW TIME FLIES!
I THINK YOU KNOW LESS ABOUT HISTORY THAN LITTLE CICERO! I'M GONNA TRY YOU OUT!
IN WHAT BATTLE DID GENERAL WOLFE, MORTALLY WOUNDED, WHEN NEARING OF VICTORY, CRY, "I DIE HAPPY?"
I AIN'T QUITE SURE BUT I THINK IT WAS HIS LAST BATTLE!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BISHER

NO BULL FIGHTS FOR POMERENE

Toreadors and Picadors Not Held as Heroes by Ohio Ex-Senator.

...ver again," was the reply of former Senator Atlee Pomerene of Ohio when, on his recent return from South America, newspaper interviewers questioned him about bull fights.

As a member of the American delegation at the Fifth Pan-American conference at Santiago, Chile, he was invited to attend a bull fight arranged as a special spectacle for conferring visitors when they reached Lima.

"I never want to see another bull fight," was Pomerene's emphatic remark.

"Bull fighting," he went on, "is the national sport of Peru, as of other Latin countries. When we arrived at Lima the president invited us to attend a bull fight as his special guests. The ring where the event took place was constructed 150 years ago and some of the original paintings are visible.

Distinguished Spanish Fighter.

"One most celebrated bull fighter in all of Spain had come over for this fight and we were told he was paid $5,000 for this performance. The crowd was enormous. A program of music was given as a preliminary to the contest. There were several toreadors, or bull fighters, and a number of picadors, the latter being mounted. All were dressed in brilliant colors.

"The business of the picadors was to taunt the bulls into a rage. This they did by goading them with long lances and throwing darts at them. The darts would pierce the hide and cause blood to run down the sides of the bulls, but did not wound them seriously. The bulls were magnificent animals. I never saw more perfect specimens. They held their heads erect and had long horns that made them dangerous when aroused. Ordinarily the bulls are tractable and don't want to fight. Not until they are harassed and goaded does their fighting spirit manifest itself.

Blindfold Picadors' Horses.

"The horses which the picadors rode were blindfolded. It was explained that unless the horses were blindfolded the picadors would be unable to get near the mad bulls. During the performance one of the horses was ripped open by a bull. The picador did not dismount but pranced the steed about the ring. The second thrust killed the horse. As fast as horses were disabled other blindfolded animals were brought in.

"The skillful toreador knows how to kill a bull by stabbing him in a certain place where his blade penetrates the lung and reaches a vital spot. One thrust of the blade is supposed to be sufficient but evidently one of the bull fighters was something of an amateur, for he made several thrusts while blood ran out of the animal's mouth. It was sickening.

"When the performance was over a prominent Peruvian asked me how I liked it. I returned a noncommittal answer, not wishing to offend, but I guess he was able to judge from the way I looked how I felt about it, for he said:

"'I don't believe you enjoyed it.'

"'I don't like the way they treated those poor horses,' I replied. I guess he misunderstood. The excuse he gave for treating the horses that way was that they were old, worn-out hacks and it didn't matter what became of them. As if that excused the inhumanity of it!"

WAGES TOO LOW, TRACK MEN SAY

Pay Doesn't Attract Right Type of Workers to Roads, Is Plea.

Quoting from a decision of the United States Railroad Labor Board that wage scales which are insufficient to attract or support men of the character necessary for railroad work constitute waste and extravagance and not economy, representatives of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes and Shop Laborers last week began arguments before the board for an increase in wages.

Increases ranging from 8½ to 15 cents an hour, effective February 15 last, are sought for 10 classes of employes of the brotherhood..

Among the roads involved are the Pennsylvania system, Louisville & Nashville, Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago Great Western, Kansas City Southern and subsidiaries, Southern Pacific Co. and Texas & Pacific.

After quoting the labor board's former decision President F. H. Fitzgerald of the union declared that the union would prove that "more than one-half of the maintenance of way employes are running into serious debt and that they easily may be considered victims of charity, even though working regularly at the most strenuous labor."

The union leaders presented a compilation of answers to questionnaires sent to members of the organization which, they asserted, showed that for every employe having a bank account there are 5.14 employes without one; that nearly two-thirds of the organization's 350,000 members are in debt; that the average family for each employe is 5.38 persons, and that the average cost per meal per person in each employe's family is 6.3 cents.

Western Cities Offered Natural Gas Supply

Natural gas for Salt Lake City and Ogden from a newly discovered field in western Wyoming is being considered. One well is said to have a capacity of 80,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day and this amount, experts point out, is greatly in excess of what would be used by Salt Lake and Ogden even should natural gas displace coal for heating purposes.

Manufactured gas in Salt Lake City costs about $1.52 per 1,000 cubic feet, and it is claimed the natural gas could be piped in and sold for much under this amount. The new natural gas field in Wyoming is said to be practically inexhaustible and it is proposed to construct a pipe line of about 200 miles.

Neighborhood News

"SPUNKY" EDWARDS IS DETERMINED TO BECOME A CIRCUS RIDER BUT HAVING NO HORSE, HE HAS RIGGED UP A DEVICE IN THE PLAY-GROUND ON WHICH TO PRACTICE.
"YUH OTTA SEEN 'IM WHEN HE TRIED T' JUMP TROO TH' HOOP!
FOX

ARMY WILL BE USED TO END RUM RUNNING, WHITE HOUSE HINTS

Expense will be no object in securing the enforcement of the prohibition act.

The armed forces of the United States will be used to prevent illegal imports of liquor.

The predictions were made confidently by practically disinterested officials as a result of the authorized White House intimation that the congress will be asked at the next session to end the controversies that have arisen as a result of unforeseen complications such as the regulation which, if carried out to the letter, would prevent the use of wine rations by foreign ship crews temporarily in United States waters.

The arguments of the wets that $9,000,000 appropriations for enforcement is little short of waste and that the most of the time of United States district attorneys is occupied with enforcement cases will not deter in the slightest the dry leaders who say they will see that 90 times nine million will be appropriated if necessary. They insist that a much larger appropriation will not be needed because they expect to jam through congress a law not only authorizing but directing the President to use the army and navy and an expanded coast guard to stop rum runners by land and sea.

The President is not expected to go further than a recommendation that the Volstead law be modified so that it will not conflict with the laws of other nations in regard to sojourners, but the drys will take advantage of his advice to put more teeth in the statute.

It is principally this lack of law that compelled the President to delay the conference of governors. He was not content with the negative findings of the judge-advocates of the army and navy, but insisted that Attorney General Daugherty give personal attention to the problem as soon as Daugherty's health would permit.

The study thus far of the department of justice officials has inclined them to concur with the legal lights of the war and navy departments that the armed forces cannot be used to enforce the Volstead act or the regulations authorized by it.

Only two precedents have been found for the use of the army or navy in enforcing federal or state statutes. In 1808 the congress authorized the President to use the military forces to prohibit importation or exportation in slaves. In 1861 the President was empowered to compel southern communities to pay federal taxes.

The drys see no difference between slave smuggling and rum running. They are confident there will be no presidential hesitation in using the powerful service arms in an effort to bring about more efficient enforcement as far as the country's borders are concerned.

Takes Third Bride at 81, and Tells Young Lovers to Look Before Leaping

Sixty-two long years ago—back in 1861-62 — William C. Mothershead courted a pretty girl four years before he could persuade her she loved him enough to marry him.

At the declining age of 81, he has married his third bride, Mrs. Phoebe Dunphy, 76, after a whirlwind courtship.

However, with this record of speed to his credit, Mothershead looks upon his white-haired bride with a new twinkle in his eye and advises young folks on the verge of matrimony to look before they leap.

Old-Fashioned Love Nest

Their four-room bungalow, nestling on the shady side of a street in Monrovia, is typically an old-fashioned "love nest." A huge honeysuckle vine covers the narrow porch that extends across the front of the house.

Inside the "sitting room" floor is covered with a rag carpet, on which an old rocker creaks as in days generally thought to be gone. It was in this little cottage that Mothershead wooed and won his bride, for it is her property.

Living the romantic days of youth, the couple were shy and bashful when asked to "talk for the newspaper."

Bashful-like, despite his 44 years of married life, Mothershead fumbled with the back of the rocking chair and said:

"I don't know that I have any advice to give to young folks who want to get married. I haven't had much experience myself." He paused and then went on:

"Dances Interfere With Business"

"I do think, though, that young folks ought to think it over a great deal before they marry. There are too many of them goin' to dances these days instead of 'tending to business."

Mrs. Mothershead looked up with an easy smile and, in a gentle voice, said she thought dances were all right, if the husband takes his wife with him.

"Sure," the bridegroom put in, "I could dance a pretty good dance myself if there was a good old violin and a good hand playing it. But this present-day business of—what do they call them, 'sheiks'?—if they would put on a little more elbow grease instead of grease on their hair, marriage wouldn't be so much of a risk as it is with some young people."

UNVEILS SHAFT TO CENSORED WRECK DEAD

Minister of War Leads Ceremony for Poilus Killed in Crash.

A railroad accident which cost 350 lives and yet remained unknown to the general public, because of wartime censorship, was commemorated Jne 17 at St. Michael-en-Maurienne when Minister of War Maginot unveiled a monument to the dead.

A trainload of 500 soldiers on leave after fighting in the Piave beside their Italian allies left Modane, in Savoie, on Nov. 12, 1917. The engineer said the train was too heavy to cross the mountains and refused to start until he received an order from his military superior.

His fear proved to be founded and his engine went wild in descending into the valley. The only effect of the airbrakes was to set the cars on fire, and the train crashed into the stone bridge near the entrance to the station at St. Michael-en-Maurienne. Less than 150 soldiers were taken out, all of whom were more or less seriously injured. Of the others, those who did not lose their lives in jumping from the cars, burned to death. The censorship prevented the accident from becoming known.

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Movies Forbidden to Hide Old Titles

The federal trade commission has ordered the Fox Film corporation of New York to discontinue the selling or leasing of reissued motion picture plays under titles other than those used when they are first shown, unless the new and old titles are prominently indicated in advertising material and on the picture itself.

The commission's announcement of the order said investigation had shown the corporation had furnished to exhibitors three reissued picture films bearing changed titles without indication thereof in the advertising material.

340,917 INDIANS LIVING IN U. S.

58 Different Languages Spoken by Members of 193 Tribes.

Here are the latest available facts about the American Indian of today as shown by the records of the U. S. Indian bureau:

There are now 340,917 Indians in the United States, an increase of 13,500 in 10 years.

There are 200 Indian reservations and 193 Indian tribes speaking 58 different languages.

About two-thirds of the Indians of all ages are American citizens and 50,000 of both sexes are voters.

About 240,000 Indians are still under guardianship of the government.

All members of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma, numbering 101,000, as well as 2,200 members of the Osage nation, are citizens.

Allotments of land totaling 38,000,000 acres have been made to 227,000 Indians.

Unalloted Acreage.

The unalloted acreage of Indian land is 35,000,000 acres.

In 1922 there were 28,940,934 barrels of oil produced on lands of the Osage nation and $11,700 per capita was distributed to Osage Indians as royalties on oil and bonuses from oil land leases.

A total of $111,863,530 has been received by members of the Osage tribe from oil royalties and bonuses.

Forty-eight thousand Indians are affiliated with Protestant churches and 59,000 with Catholic churches.

There are 44,200 Indian families living in permanent houses.

Indian farmers totaling 40,962 are cultivating 890,700 acres of land.

The value of all cattle owned by Indians is $35,000,000.

Five million dollars is spent by the government annually in educating the Indians.

91,968 Children.

There are 91,968 Indian children of school age, of whom 6,279 are ineligible for attendance and 20,746 not in school.

Government boarding and day schools numbering 251 have an enrollment of 24,222, while 81 mission schools have 6,470 enrolled and state public schools are educating 34,801. Total enrollment, 64,948.

Congress appropriated $370,000 for health of the Indians in 1923.

There are 78 Indian hospitals and sanitariums with total bed capacity of 2,400.

There are 150 physicians in the Indian service, 80 nurses, 70 field matrons and seven traveling dentists.

Indian death rate in 1913 was 32.24 per thousand and in 1920 it had fallen to 22.33.

There are 256 employes in the Indian bureau in Washington and 5,361 in the field service, 2,000 of whom are Indians.

Twelve thousand Indians served in the World war.

Indians invested $25,000,000 in U. S. Liberty bonds.

DECISION STABS ANTI-TRUST LAW

Ruling Permits Southern, Central Pacific R. R. Combine.

The Sherman anti-trust law, which for a score of years has been the bogey of "big business" in America, has been dealt a staggering blow by the decision of the United States circuit court of appeals, sitting in St. Paul, permitting the consolidation of the Southern and Central Pacific railroads, government officials admitted.

There was evident in Washington Tuesday a good deal of confusion as to just how far the court's decision goes in nullifying the famous statute under which literally thousands of suits have been fought since it was written on the law books years ago. The government's legal experts were busily engaged in studying the decision.

The ultimate effect of the decision will be the consensus of opinion in legal circles agrees, that the government will have to appeal to the United States supreme court to decide what is the supreme law of the land, the Sherman law or the Transportation act of 1920.

An important principle is at stake in the decision, officials assert, for if the Southern and Central Pacific are allowed to consolidate, scores of other combinations must be permitted under the same conditions. One such combination is now being considered by the Interstate Commerce commission, affecting the Van Sweringen interests. Other consolidation appeals are being held in abeyance.

"TOURISTS DRINK MOST OF BOOZE"

Alcohol Sent to Paris, Woman Says, to "Spike" Fine Whiskies.

"About the only drunken people seen in Europe are tourists," writes a well known society woman of San Francisco from Paris.

The London and Paris sets are besieged by a new aristocracy, that of the bootlegger. It is the bootlegger who has the finest suites in the largest hotels and the biggest cars, and the flashiest manner of living. They buy overseas, and somehow, they ship to America.

It is said that more whisky is leaving Scotland directed "To an Unknown Country," than ever was shipped out of that land before.

The drinks being sold in America are much stronger than those sold on the continent. In fact, the bootleggers operating in Europe add alcohol to all the liquor bought there to prepare it for the American palate. Permits to ship whisky, champagne and gin are given as marks of diplomatic esteem. Wine is no longer being brought in, as California is supplying the United States demand at much lower prices.

A sort of "trade at home" war was waged secretly for some time, disturbing two continents, yet remaining utterly secret. California won, and California wines have killed off American wine trade with European nations.

The result is, the bootleggers' product is getting cheaper and his profit getting smaller.

To Offer 250,000 Acres to Veterans

More than 250,000 acres of public land in six western states have been ordered thrown open by the interior department for homestead entry to ex-service men of the World war. Exact dates for the filing of entries will be announced by the land offices in the various states.

The tracts include 3,800 acres in Fresno county, California, near Riverdale; 33,000 acres in Montezuma county, Colorado, near Durango; 64,500 acres in Hower county, Idaho, near American Falls; 37,500 acres in Phillips county, near Landusky, and Fergus county, near Winifred, Montana; 19,800 acres in Teton county, Montana; 44,000 acres in Emery county, near Ferron, in Wayne county, near Torrey, and in Millard county, near Clear Lake, Utah; 59,000 acres in Harbon county, near Savery, and in Hot Springs county, near Thermopolis, Wyoming.

In addition, about 21,000 acres in Emery county, Utah, will be thrown open to entry after the state has made such selections as cover public land grants already made to it.

Political Conventions Wanted in Washington

Letters urging that the Republican and Democratic national conventions in 1924 be held in Washington, have been sent by the local chamber of commerce to Chairman Adams and Chairman Hull of the Republican and Democratic national committees.

The Latest Markets

The usual flood of weekly business and stock market reviews turned loose on the waiting public contains more clearly defined division of opinion on the future of business and prosperity.

Writers generally admit present conditions are satisfactory and concede that the outlook for the third quarter of the year is equally good while some believe the last three months will find business continuing at a satisfactory pace.

Notes of caution, however, grow in volume. Daily, it seems, converts are being made to the theory that the peak of production is at hand or fast nearing.

The review of J. S. Bache & Co., New York brokerage house says:

"Statistics of greatest activity generally come in while the decline is going on. The swelling figures for May, in carloadings, steel production and in many other barometric trades cannot be taken as a forecast of later developments. There is evident everywhere a continuation of conservatism among buyers. This wave of caution seems to be reaching the public. Diamond salesmen report having a brisk trade until recently when suddenly the bottom dropped and the public refused to buy as if in unit formation.

"There may have been special causes for this occurrence, or it might be the first patter of the big rain drops before a storm. Again, the storm might turn out to be only a shower. The supply of goods would soon correct itself if stocks on hand are not piled up."

Another note of caution. Such sentiment has been shared by the stock market professionals who at all times during last week had the market under their composite thumb. The industrial averages show a decline of more than two points for the week while the rails, under the stimulus of favorable dividend announcements and dividend rumors, show greater strength.

Champions of higher market prices have at least one sound argument, the easy tendency of money rates and the prospect of further easing. It would be against precedent for a major upward movement in stock prices to culminate without considerably higher money rates and a wild demonstration of "market fireworks." Such a movement could be manipulated in one or two groups of stocks and still not discredit those who advise continued caution for the long pull. Market fundamentals, as they become further apparent, will determine whether such a move will be undertaken.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.21. Corn, cash, 88½c. Oats, cash, 48½c. Barley, cash, 72c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 71c. Cloverseed, cash, $10.85; Oct., $11.92; Dec., $11.60. Alsike, cash, $10.25; Oct., $11.35; Dec., $11.35. Timothy, cash, $3.30; Oct., $3.55.

Chicago—Wheat, July, $1.10⅝; Sept., $1.09⅛; Dec., $1.11⅜. Corn, July, 81¾c; Sept., 77¾c; Dec., 67½c. Oats, July, 41⅝c; Sept., 37¾c; Dec., 39½c. Rye, July, 70½c; Sept., 72c; Dec., 74⅝c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 44c; solid pack, 43c; nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 29@30c; Michigan, 27½c; York state, 32c; longhorn, 29@29½c.

Eggs—Candled, 26c; selects, 30c.

Bacon — Fat, 11c; lean, 24c; wide, 3 to 8 lbs., 21c; 9 to 10 lbs., 16c; 11 to 12 lbs., 14c; 13 to 15 lbs., 16c. Lard — 11c. Hams — 22c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 18c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 26@28c; geese, 13@15c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 20@21c; Leghorn broilers, 25@30c; broilers, 40@45c; old roosters and stags, 12@13c; light hens, 15@18c.

Hides—No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 7c; bull, 6c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 11c; No. 2 kip, 9½c; cured hides, No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; horse hides, $3.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extra, in tubs, 43@45c; extra firsts, 40@42c; firsts, 40@42c; standard, 41@43c; one-pound prints, all grades, 1c higher; packing stock, 28@30c. Eggs—Frash gathered northern extras, 27½c; extra firsts, 26½c; Ohio firsts, 23c; western firsts, 22c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailer: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 25@25½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—Old York state, 26@27c; new, 26@27c; brick, 27@28c; fancy Swiss, 40@42c; limburger, 28@30c. Poultry—Heavy fowls, 23@24c; light fowls, 15@20c; cocks, 12@14c; broilers, best heavy, 40@45c; light, 30@35c; Spring ducks, 3 to 4 pounds, 30@35c. Potatoes—Michigan, 150-lb. sacks, best, $1.50@1.75; Petoskeys, $1.90 a 150-lb. sack; Florida Rose, new stock, No. 1 grade, $5.50@5.75; South Carolina Cobblers, stave bbls., No. 1 grade, $5.75 a bbl.; Alabama Triumphs, rose and whites, No. 1 grade, $2.25@2.50 a 100-lb. sack; No. 2, $1.25@1.50; Virginia Cobblers, stave bbls., best, $5.75; poorer, $5.00. Sweet Potatoes — Georgia Porto Ricans, branded, $1.50@1.65 hamper.

Chicago—Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 21c; broilers, 31@38c; roosters, 11½c. Potatoes, firmer; receipts, 117 cars; total United States shipments, 818; Wisconsin sacked round white, $1.00@1.20 cwt.; mostly $1.10 cwt.; bulk, $1.00@1.20 cwt.; new stock, about steady; Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi sacked Triumphs, $2.75@3.00; mostly $3.00; Texas sacked Triumphs, $2.75; Texas Cobblers, sacked, $3.00; North Carolina bbl. Cobblers, No. 1, good quality and condition, $5.50@5.75; poorer and heated and ungraded, $2.50@4.50; South Carolina bbl. Cobblers, mostly $5.75. Butter higher; creamery extras, 39½c; standards, 39¼c; extra firsts, 47@48½c; firsts, 35@36c; seconds, 34@34½c. Eggs, higher; receipts, 82,443 cases; firsts, 22@22½c; ordinary firsts, 20½@21c; miscellaneous, 21@21½c; storage pack extras, 24½c; storage pack firsts, 24c.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; heavies, $7.35; yorkers, $7.75; pigs, $6.75. Cattle, $9.50. Calves, $11.50. Lambs, $16.00.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 1,200; steady; steers, $10.00@10.50; heifers, $8.00@9.00; cows, $6.25@7.25. Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; higher; heavies, $7.60@7.75; heavy yorkers, $8.00@8.15; light yorkers, $7.50@8.00; pigs, $6.75@7.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; top sheep, $6.50; steady; top lambs, $11.00; lower. Calves—Receipts, 1,800; steady; top, $12.00.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; 20c higher; heavies, $7.50@7.55; light weights, $7.50@7.60; top, $7.60; pigs, $5.50@7.25. Cattle—Receipts, 150; steady; steers, no sales; beef cows, $5.50@7.50; heifers, $7.00@8.50. Calves—Receipts, 400; lower; veals, $9.00@11.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 300; steady; sheep, $3.00@5.00; lambs, $10.00@15.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 2,600; fairly active; cows and bulls 25c lower; shipping steers, yearlings and butchers, strong, 25c higher; shipping steers, $10.00@11.25; butchers, $8.50@9.50; yearlings, $9.50@10.00; heifers, $6.50@8.75; cows, $2.50@7.00; bulls, $3.50@5.75; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, active and steady, $45.00@110.00. Calves—Receipts, 2,300; active, 50c higher; $4.00@12.00. Hogs—Receipts, 8,800; active, pigs, 50c higher; others, 25c higher; heavy, $8.00; mixed, $8.00@8.10; yorkers, $8.00@8.10; light yorkers, $8.00; pigs, $8.00; roughs, $5.75@6.00; stags, $3.50@4.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,200; active; lambs and yearlings, $1.00 higher; lambs, $10.00@16.50; yearlings, $5.00@14.00; wethers, $6.50@7.50; ewes, $2.00@5.50; mixed sheep, $8.00@6.50; 50c higher.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle — Receipts, 700; compared with week ago, strictly choice beef steers and light yearlings, steady; other grades, 25c lower; Texas steers, 25c to 40c lower; beef cows and canners, 25c higher; bologna bulls, steady; light vealers, 50c higher; tops for week: Steers, $11.10; long yearlings, $10.65; heifers, $10.00; bulks for week: Native steers, $8.00@10.00; Texas steers, $5.50@6.00; yearlings, $8.25@9.50; cows, $5.00@6.25; canners, $2.25@2.50; bologna bulls, $4.50@5.25. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500; active; 10c to 15c higher; mostly 15c higher; top, $7.40; bulk good and choice 180 to 260-lb. butchers, $7.35@7.40; some light hogs and few heavy butchers, $7.25@7.30; bulk all sales, $7.30@7.35; pigs, strong to 25c higher; bulk good 115 to 130-lb. averages, $5.75@6.25; packer sows, steady; bulk, $5.75. Sheep—Receipts, 300; market for week: Fat lambs, $1.00 higher; culls and sheep unchanged; week's top Spring lambs, $16.10; bulk good and choice springers, $15.75@16.00; culls, $9.00; bulk fat ewes, $5.50; heavies, $3.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture) — Cattle — Receipts, 500; compared week ago, beef steers, yearlings and desirable beef heifers, 25@50c higher; yearlings and beef heifers up most; strictly choice heavy steers, strong to 15c higher; extreme top, 1,087-lb. yearlings, $11.25; best, 1,550-lb. heavies, $11.20; beef cows and canners and cutters, 15@25c up; bulls steady; veal calves, large, $1.00 higher; stockers and feeders active, 35@50c higher; spots up considerably more; week's bulk prices follow: Beef steers and yearlings, $9.00@10.50; stockers and feeders, $6.50@7.85; beef cows and heifers, $6.00@8.50; canners and cutters, $2.85@4.00; veal calves, $9.00@10.25. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000; market for week around half; receipts direct to packers; Spring lambs mostly 75c to $1.20 higher; fed lambs and sheep strong to unevenly higher; bulk offerings, native springs, top, $16.35; bulk best kind, $15.75@16.25; culls around $11.00; bulk fed lambs, $13.50@14.50; best, $14.75; few choice yearlings, $13.00; bulk light and handy weight ewes, $5.25@6.25; few to breeders, $6.00@6.50; heavies mostly $3.00@3.50; culls, $1.50@2.50; canners, $1 down. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; good to choice butchers mostly 10c higher; spots up more; other classes steady to strong; close weak; top, $7.30; bulk 180 to 300-lb. averages, $7.10@7.30; packing sows dull, 15@25c lower; bulk, $5.85@6.15; desirable pigs mostly, $5.50@6.25; estimated holdover, 3,500; heavyweight hogs, $6.80@7.20; medium, $6.95@7.30; light, $6.85@7.30; light light, $6.50@7.15; packing sows, smooth, $5.90@6.40; packing sows, rough, $5.75@6.00; killing pigs, $5.25@6.50.

DOMESTIC SUGAR FOR U. S., SLOGAN

Sweets Makers Say Cuban Growers Flood Country With Propaganda.

Adopting the slogan "American Sugar for the American People," the United States Sugar Manufacturers' association, representing the domestic beet sugar industry of the country, closed its annual convention by declaring that the American consumer is the most interested party to the battle now raging between Wall Street refining interests and the Hinterland.

Declaring that Cuban refining interests have been responsible for propaganda to stir up trouble between beet factories and farmers, child labor charges and the movement for a reduction in the tariff, resolution said the beet sugar industry needs no vindication "for it today is the main factor in keeping down sugar prices."

"The time has come," declared one resolution, "to place the responsibility for high prices where it belongs. We intend to make our position plain so that right-minded people cannot fail to understand that dependence upon foreign countries for a household necessity should not be tolerated. The only way to achieve this is to safeguard the domestic sugar industry until such time that it dominates the American market."

Eggs Thrown at Klansmen

More than 100 members of the Ku Klux Klan attired in the white robes of the organization but wearing no masks participated in a flag day parade and flag presentation in Blooms Field, a suburb of Newark, N. J. The klansmen were cheered and applauded by crowds along the line of march, except on one occasion when a group of spectators threw eggs at the white robed figures and hissed them as they passed.

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I positively guarantee that my remedy will relieve the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and will expel any tape worm, or I make no charge for the remedy. A few dangerous symptoms are: Gastritis, acid stomach, gnawing pains, dizziness, indigestion, gas and bloating. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address to-day, for free proof by return mail.

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TAILORING SALESMEN—Fastest selling line, suits, made to measure, $29.50, one price, all wool. Profits in advance. Biggest old reliable house. W. D. Smith Co., established 1895. Dept. 27, Chicago, Ill.

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SALESPEOPLE WANTED to sell our established line of drapery materials; also silk, wool and cotton dress fabrics. Liberal commission. Reply now with references for territory and to secure Fall samples ready early August. New York Sales Co., 70 Franklin street, New York.

PATENTS

Patents—Booklet free. Highest references; best results; promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F st., Washington, D. C.

POEMS, MANUSCRIPTS WANTED.

WRITERS—ATTENTION! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit manuscripts or write Literary Bureau, 114 Hannibal, Mo.

AGENTS

AGENTS—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 710-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

TOBACCO

NATURAL LEAF TOBACCO—Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.75; 10 lbs., $3. Smoking, 5 lbs., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2. Pay when received; pipe and recipe free. Farmers Co-Operative Tobacco Union, Paducah, Ky.

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"Granddaddy of Movies" Retires Without Making Dollar From Industry

"The granddaddy of the movies" recently put on his slippers and hunted out the easy chair in his Long Island home—John D. Isaacs, inventor, has retired.

Isaacs, 45 years ago, designed the counterpart of what today is the motion picture camera.

His retirement finds him in the position of never having made a dollar from the brain child which has grown to America's fourth industry, bringing its fame to thousands and its millions to others.

"In the days when New York was young — 'way back in '78—Senator Stanford and James W. Keene entered into a $25,000 wager as to whether a trotting horse, at one period of its stride, had all four feet off the ground," Isaacs, at his country home in Forest Hills, said.

Isaacs Called to Take Photos.

Broadwayites of another year recall preparations to decide the historic bet. Cameras were set up in a row to snap the trotter as it passed. The scheme failed. Then Senator Stanford, a friend of Isaacs, called in the inventor.

But it was not until 1888—10 years later—that a simple electro magnetic release was perfected and the horse photographed with all four feet off the ground. Senator Stanford won his bet.

Is Enthusiastic Fan.

"The motion picture to me is the most enjoyable form of recreation," Isaacs said.

Of its scandals, its problems, its future development Isaacs professes ignorance.

"I love the motion picture for its entertainment—nothing more," the "grandfather" said.

Friends tell of Isaacs' deep interest in the pictures.

"The movies are restful in their silence," these friends quote the inventor as saying.

Rests at the "Movies."

They tell how, while engaged in the solving of great engineering problems—Isaacs having carried to completion the majority of the undertakings of the Southern Pacific railroad during the past quarter of a century—the inventor would take time off to "rest up" at the movies.

Isaacs contents himself in his retirement with the hope of "more good pictures," his only profit from his original invention.

Make Artificial Throat to Copy Vowel Sounds of Human Voice

An artificial throat, capable of reproducing the vowel sounds that are made by the human voice, is the latest scientific invention to appear in London. It is the invention of Sir Richard Paget and its exhibition at a recent congress of scientists aroused much interest.

Sir Richard described the processes and possibilities of his unusual appliance.

"There have been scientific experiments made for the reproduction of the human voice since 1779," he said. "A good many vowel sounds have been reproduced, but it never has been possible to produce all the vowel sounds and the principle of vowel production by the human voice did not seem to be understood.

"About a year ago I became interested in listening to the sound of my own voice when whispering vowel sounds without using the larynx. I heard in every case two notes or resonances inside my mouth.

"I then made experiments with plastine cavities, which I tuned to have the same resonances as those I had heard in my own mouth. These plastine cavities were bottle-shaped, with waists, and according as the model had a high waist or a low waist, or a stout waist or a thin waist, the two cavities gave different resonant notes. When air was blown through such a model the effect on the two resonating cavities was to produce what we call a whispered vowel sound.

"Having placed a reed at the back of the model so as to pass vibratory air through the model instead of a continuous stream of air, those resonances colored the notes that came from the reed in a way which the human ear appreciated as vowel sounds.

"The practical result of the experiment is to give an explanation of the mechanism of vowel production, and also the possibility of testing by experiments with models the different effects of the variations of the larnyx and the variations in the size and contour of the cavities of the human mouth. The experiments also lead to the possibility of making an instrument that will imitate the human voice much more closely than has been possible heretofore—for example, an improved vox humana pipe for organs. It would also be possible to make talking dolls.

Banquets Injurious to Fascisti Dignity

An order has been issued under which members of the Fascisti attending patriotic ceremonies are prohibited from participating in banquets because "banquets are detrimental to the dignity of the Fascisimo which must be inspired by austerity."

SLAYING GROWS IN BIG CITIES

Memphis Heads List With 67.4 Per 100,000 Population.

Drastic federal legislation for the control of firearms as a menace of checking the growing homicide rate, was urged by the Spectator, an insurance periodical, in making public homicide statistics for 1922 which showed a slaying rate in 28 of the largest cities of nine per 100,000 of population.

"The record since 1900," said the review, "reflects an attitude of lawlessness and indifference to human life without parallel in history. Statistics of the federal census bureau show that nearly five out of every seven murders in the last 12 years were committed with firearms."

Against 886 deaths from murder in 1921, there were 331 in 1922, the review said, which showed Memphis, Tenn., again heading the homicide rate list with 67.4 per 100,000 of population. Spokane was at the other end of the list with one per 100,000. Nashville, Tenn., had the second highest rate, 30.7. New Orleans was third with 21 and St. Louis fourth with 16.9. Other cities with "excessive" rates were given as follows:

Cincinnati, Ohio, 14.6; Louisville, Ky., 13.1; Los Angeles, Calif., 12.9; Chicago, 11.8; Dayton, Ohio, 11.7; Washington, D. C., 11.2; Cleveland, Ohio, 10.5 and Baltimore, Md., 10.2.

Cities with low rates included: Milwaukee, 2.9; Boston, 3.6; Seattle, Washington, 5.4 and Minneapolis, 5.5.

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THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Toledo, Ohio.

SIGHT RADIO IS INVENTION NOW ALMOST REALTY

Ability to See Man and Hear Him Talk Via Air Waves Will Soon Be Completed.

The transmission of photographs by wireless, in which the image of an individual can be visualized at either end of a telephone, has reached the highest perfection in experiments being conducted in Paris in connection with the anniversary celebration for Edouard Granly, the French inventor of radio. In the experiments, which are the result of years of study, a French scientist, Edouard Belin, succeeded in transmitting an instantaneous flash of an object on a screen adjacent to the telephone receiver.

Although M. Belin has not tried to reproduce the image of a person in motion, he declares it will be only a matter of a few more months when the screen will be able to reflect the image of a person minutely enough to show the facial expression of a person talking.

Tests Advanced.

His experiments go farther than those of Graham Bell, who succeeded in transforming rays of light into sound waves, and also overcome the difficulties of former experimenters, inasmuch as M. Belin uses a new photo-electric bulb to diffuse light rays. Other experimenters with photo transmission have worked vainly with a highly sensitized plate of selenium which required a separate electric wire for each graduation of light and shadow composing the picture. In such a case a photograph or image of a person's face at the telephone would require 100 wires.

To Reproduce Image.

M. Belin utilizes the wireless, thus obtaining instantaneous transmission of points of light, which are projected on a little screen and which give a view of the picture, though at present the experiments are conducted with the black-and-white outline of a photograph. With more complicated mechanism, using the same principles, M. Belin declares he will produce the complete image of a person.

A feature which made the Paris experiments more curious was the addition of the invention of Graham Bell, by means of which the same light waves projected on the screen produced sound, thus giving a visual image and the person's musical vibrations at the same time. M. Belin is the inventor of the telautograph and telophography. For lack of a better name he calls his new process television.

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SAYS IGNORANT ARE NUMEROUS IN COMMONS

But Lady Astor Concedes That "House as a Whole Is Splendid."

Lady Astor, speaking at a reception in honor of the three women members of the house of commons, paid tribute to the new M. P., Mrs. Hilton Philipson, saying:

"If she does not know much she need not be afraid, for she will find that some of her fellow M. P.'s know less. Before I went to commons I was appalled at my ignorance, but I soon found others more ignorant than myself."

Nevertheless, Lady Astor admitted that "the house as a whole consists of a splendid type of men.

There was need, however, for "more women, and still more women," in the commons.

Her opinion was not endorsed by numerous members who are annoyed at what they believe to be her prohibitionist tendency. During a discussion on the beer duties in the house, Lady Astor aroused the anger of the laborite, Arthur Hayday, who suggested that "if she would cultivate her temperament and her manners, she would do better."

Only 75,066 Confederate veterans out of more than 1,000,000 who fought for the South during the Civil war, are now living. Of this number 65,707 are drawing pensions, 1,859 are in soldiers' homes, and the residences of 7,500 are unknown.

"Hearing Restored in Twenty Four Hours"

Amazing Results Secured in One Day by Use of Virex, Formerly Known As Rattle Snake Oil.

Deafness and Catarrh need not be dreaded any longer since the discovery of a widely known physician. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of deafness to be relieved in a day's time by the application of a prescription formerly known as Rattle Snake Oil. This treatment is meeting with wide success all over the country.

Mr. D. Dey, a Nebraska resident, 67 years old, says, "I have used the treatment for only two weeks and my hearing is restored perfectly. The relief was almost instantaneous and now the head noises have disappeared. My catarrh, a case of many years standing, is improving wonderfully."

This compound, which is known as Virex, is easily used at home and seems to work almost like magic in its rapidity, on people of all ages.

So confident are we that Virex will cure you, that we offer to send a large $2 bottle for only $1 on 10 days' free trial. If the results are not satisfactory, it costs you nothing.

Send no money — just your name and address to the Dale Laboratories, 130 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your catarrh and asthma showing wonderful improvement, just send it back and your money will be refunded without question. This offer is fully guaranteed so write today and give this wonderful compound a trial. — Advertisement.

Prince Is Without a Throne

CROWN PRINCE OTTO AND HIS EXILED MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

The modern "L'Aiglon," Otto of Austria, who yesterday was heir to all the country of his birth and today is living, an object of charity, in Spain, is troubling European officials to know what to do with him.

Zita, former empress of Austria, has demanded return of her estates, claiming them by right of inheritance, but the government is loath to admit her to the country upon the humblest terms because of her ambition to regain the throne.

It was her insistence which drove Emperor Karl to make his last desperate effort to regain the throne, which resulted in the driving out of the entire family into exile.

VENETIAN CANALS MENACED BY PLAN TO BUILD TUNNELS

Venice of the lagoons, the gondoliers and the mosquitoes is threatened with an insidous menace, it appears. Some enterprising spirits in the municipal council are all for making a tunnel under the grand canal, and pulling down one of the ugly iron bridges that span the famous waterway. Indeed, there is an engineer who has prepared a scheme for a regular system of tunnels, with stations at the Rialto, the Academy and the Giudecca—a kind of "metro" in fact. The gondoliers naturally look askance at the tunnel notion. The little steamers on the Grand Canal hit them hard enough as it is, they say. Is there to be no romance left in the world?

The season at Venice is coming to its height, and the city is full of foreigners—fuller one learns than at any other time since before the war.

Venice would appear to be a bad city in which to keep a dog. In fact, the keeping of dogs is not encouraged by the authorities, who limit canine pets to one for each person except in special cases. As can be imagined, a city which is practically without streets is not a good place for dogs, and the dog owners have difficulties in giving their pets a run. They take them sometimes to the island of Murano, of the glass makers, where there is a bit more space and a different city council. Murano has for some time become for this reason a place to which owners take their dogs which they wish to be rid of and the dog colony has assumed such proportions that the Murano authorities have had to take measures.

In Rome, of course, Trajan's Forum is the site consecrated to abandoned and superfluous cats. There are always about 100 or more stray cats crawling about the historic columns of the Foro Traiano, where they are fed by the inhabitants of the square, and given water by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

When they get too numerous, a raid is made on the felines, and the most depraved and least flourishing specimens are chloroformed into the cats' Elysium.

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SUGAR PRICES WILL STAY UP

Association's Head Says New Crop Is Only Relief in Sight.

Present sugar prices are likely to continue until the advent of the new crop of beet sugar next October and November, Stephen H. Love of Salt Lake City, Utah, said in his annual report as president of the United States Sugar Manufacturers association.

It is a case of much larger demand than supply, says Mr. Love, and he reclared from the best figures obtainable Americans in 1922 purchased 5,000,000 tons of sugar, an increase of 20 per cent over previous years. European sales also are on the increase, he said.

"Many and various reasons have been assigned for the increased sugar consumption," Mr. Love said. "The most notable of these, so far as the United States is concerned, is prohibition. That prohibition has added to sugar consumption no one will deny, but to what extent we cannot definitely say, since accurate figures are not obtainable."

Mr. Love said the association had warned dealers and handlers of sugar that a shortage was at hand. He denied sugar manufacturers were responsible for the runaway market.

Mr. Love said the Fordney-McCumber tariff had little or nothing to do with the present high prices of sugar.

"Recent agitations to boycott sugar," he said, "will not bring about the result desired."

If the problem of using atomic energy were solved, instead of using a thousand tons of coal to drive a steamship from Liverpool to New York, the same result could be obtained from a bit as big as a walnut.

3 CHURCHES TO FORM MERGER

Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational to Unite in Canada.

Means for effecting as quickly as possible the amalgamation of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches of Canada into one body are considering by leaders of the three denominations in the Dominion.

After a quarter of a century of effort the amalgamation was finally accomplished last week when the general assembly of the Canadian Presbyterian churches voted 426 to 129 to unite with the two denominations which previously had ratified the plan.

The vote means that there will be one organic union controlling the doctrine, membership and property of the three church bodies. The latest official church census, that of June, 1922, listed the Methodist membership at 406,933, the Presbyterian at 357,211 and the Congregationalist at 32,149. Although its membership is smaller than the Methodist, the Presbyterian church has 4,247 churches. The Methodists total is 3,833, and the Congregationalists 1,500.

The property value of the Methodist church is $5,500,000 and that of the Congregationalist $2,236,300; that of the Presbyterian is not listed.

Before the merger is complete the federal parliament and the provincial legislatures must pass upon certain legal aspects.

The supreme court of the new church will be known as The Council, to which the assembly will elect 150 members, but the date for its first meeting has not been set.

CHAPLAIN FIRES VOLLEY AT FORD

Army Priest Scorns Auto Manufacturer's Offer to Assail Rum.

A criticism of Henry Ford's attitude on patriotism and prohibition was delivered by the Rev. Father Joseph Lonegran of Durant, Ill., Illinois chaplain of the American Legion. The Rev. Father Lonegran spoke at a Flag day celebration.

"Mr. Henry Ford says, 'Some of us would join the army ourselves to help enforce the prohibition laws.'" Father Lonegran stated. "Our victorious army doesn't deserve such insult.

"Henry Ford had a chance to join the army a few years back.

"But Henry Ford, who was too proud to fight, and Ford's son, who was too dear to fight, come out of the war which cost us so many billions in wealth and a million of our best in disabled and dead, smilingly boasting of being the richest man in the world.

"Germany could slap us in the face; but Ford and Ford's son could not join the army then. Henry Ford wants to join the army now if it will only turn its guns on the unarmed citizen who takes a drink.

"So this is the man who wants to be president! This is the next commander-in-chief of our army and navy!

"Shades of Washington, Lincoln and Grant, have we come to this! Glorious banner of liberty, honor and patriotism, I plead in your name that we become not a nation of money slaves, of dishonor and of cowardly plutocrats."

RULES AGAINST INDUSTRIAL LAW

Supreme Court Denies Kansas May Fix Packing House Salaries.

The Kansas law creating a state industrial relations court has been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court so far as it attempted to fix wages in packing houses. Chief Justice Taft, delivering the decision in a case brought by the Charles Wolff Packing Co. of Topeka, said the law in that respect was in conflict with the fourteenth amendment, and deprived the company of its property and liberty of contract without due process of law.

"It has never been supposed since the adoption of the constitution," the court declared, "that the business of the butcher, or the baker, the tailor, the woodchopper, the mine operator, or the miner was clothed with such a public interest that the price of his product or his wages could be fixed by state regulations. * * * Since the adoption of our constitution, one does not devote one's property or business to the public use, or clothe it with a public interest merely because one makes commodities for, and sells to, the public in the common callings of which those above mentioned are instances.

The industrial court act was aimed to compel arbitration through a state board, whose decision was to be final, in all essential industries, and thus insure continuity of production. Pointing out that the law permitted the employer who was dissatisfied with the decision of the court to go out of business, and the dissatisfied workman to quit, provided he did not agree with his fellows to do so or combine with others to induce them to quit, Chief Justice Taft said the essence of the statute curtailed the right of the employer on the one hand, and of the employe on the other, to contract about their affairs. The supreme court has adjourned for the term and will not again be in session until Oct. 1.

SECRETARY WEEKS SAYS WEST IS EAGER TO MEET HARDING FACE TO FACE

Popularity of President Harding and sound public sentiment on preparedness are two of the chief impressions received by John W. Weeks, secretary of war, from his transcontinental trip. Mr. Weeks told the President that the Harding fortunes stand well in the western country and that there is a growing desire to welcome him on his impending journey.

"Inspection of our military defensive establishement being the purpose of my travels," said Secretary Weeks in an interview with this writer, "it was naturally gratifying to find everywhere an intelligent and sympathetic public interest in the army.

Economy in Army.

"I did not conceal in my public addresses that the maintenance of a defense establishment costs money, but I did contrive, I think, to prove that it is being conducted with rigid economy. A meeting at Leavenworth was typical. I preached the war department's doctrine of peace by preparedness. The reaction was unmistakable. Opinion seemed unanimous that this is no hour for America to strip herself of the fundamentals required for self preservation in emergencies no man can foresee. It was the same wherever I went—California, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska and other sections of the virile west country.

"Politics was not on my program, but, as a member of the administration, it wasn't always eschewed by my hosts. The President confronts in the Mississippi valley and beyond the most enthusiastic greeting conceivable. The people out there are anxious to meet Mr. Harding face to face. They know him only by long distance, for neither as a candidate nor as President has he mingled with his fellow-citizens in those remote regions. There's a fine respect for the personnel of our national government out among the plain people, and Harding will experience it in more than ordinary degree because of his captivating personality."

West Favors World Court.

"How did you find sentiment on the World Court?" Secretary Weeks was asked.

"Strong," he replied. "In California, for example, I didn't find a man or a woman who doesn't favor it. The whole state was talking of the recent election of John D. Fredericks to congress from the Los Angeles district on a straight-out World Court platform."

Mr. Weeks, a known "modificationist" on the prohibition issue, found that the West looks upon President Harding as an uncompromising "dry."

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Claims He Found Petrified Remains of Giant Men of Prehistoric Times

If the challenge of Samuel Hubbard, Oakland archaeologist, is accepted, scientists from universities will accompany him on an expedition into the Grand Canyon or Arizona to verify his claim as to the presence there of two monster petrified bodies of men of a prehistoric age antedating King Tutankhamen by several hundred thousand years.

When Hubbard returned from a personally conducted exposition on which he discovered the petrified bodies and announced his scientific find, he was greeted with scoffings by archaeologists.

An effort will be made to cut off an arm or leg of one of the giants for chemical analysis to substantiate his claim that they are the petrified remains of a race of giants.

Hubbard advances the theory that the bodies may be the sole remains of a race that may have lived in the Grand Canyon prior to the appearance of mankind elsewhere in the world. Some of the interesting possibilities he points out include:

California May Be "Eden."

The Garden of Eden may have been on the edge of California, but more likely it was in the lost of Atlantis fable, which really existed, probably between the American continents and Europe and Africa millions of years ago.

Adam and Eve were giants, beside whom modern mankind is dwarfed to physical insignificance, and from the land of Atlantis their Gargantuan offspring, carrying with them the rudiments of the first blind gropings toward civilization, wandered into America and into Europe and Africa.

Two of their descendants, giants also, are lying in the chasms of the Grand Canyon, embedded in the rocks.

Hubbard said:

"I began this search after I had learned that gigantic footprints had been found in the rock quarry of the Nevada state prison at Carson City, and at La Brea, Los Angeles. Also I gathered traditions from all parts of the Pacific coast and found all tallied in that at one time a race of giants had lived here.

Says Magellan Saw Them.

"Magellan, sailing through the straits that now bear his name saw a race of giants.

"In Peru there are legends of the giant men who came from the Western sea in rude boats and conquered the nation.

"In Southern California and Arizona the Hopi Indians tell of the race of giants that once lived there and, because of their cruelty, were slain by the revolting tribes.

"On Easter Islands are scores of gigantic stone statues that only could have been carved and put into position by giant men.

America Interested, Bishop Tells Irish

At the annual conference of the Irish Methodist church in Cork, Bishop Thomas Nicholson of Chicago, fraternal delegate of the board of bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States, spoke.

Bishop Nicholson said there was a large element of the population of the United States made up of natives of Ireland, and that the rank and file of American citizens looked with the utmost spirit of good will toward Ireland.

"They sincerely hope for its peace and its prosperity," the bishop declared, "and, without joining in or taking sides about the internal controversies of the land, they would give their heartiest support and endorsement to almost any plans which they felt assured would promote the welfare of the Irish people, the unity of the land and the prosperity of its citizens."

Tuberculosis Cure in Hawaiian Climate

The climate of Hawaii is ideal for treatment of tuberculosis, says Dr. R. Nelson Hatt, orthopedic surgeon, who is in charge of a special clinic for treatment of children's diseases in Honolulu, organized by Shriners in co-operation with the national body.

"It is my impression that the Hawaiian climate offers almost Utopian conditions for relief of tuberculosis," Dr. Hatt said in an address before the annual meeting of the Medical Society of Hawaii.

HOW FORMER PEASANT PREMIER OF BULGARIA MET WITH DEATH

The version of the last adventures of former Premier Stamboulisky of Bulgaria says that after Stamboulisky's adherents gradually left him he spent one night outside the village of Golak and in the early hours of morning entered the village disguised as a merchant in order to get news of his supporters, but he was recognized by the mayor, who pursued and arrested him.

Stamboulisky then broke down and exclaimed: "You betrayed me in the same way Judas betrayed Christ."

When the peasants offered him food he refused, saying: "You offer me poison."

On being taken to Golak he wired to the new premier, General Zankoff, surrendering and promising not to oppose the new government.

After Stamboulisky was captured, the dispatch said, he begged permission to return home to get his personal belongings. On the way to Slavovitza, although closely guarded, he was rescued by a group of personal friends; thereupon the minister of war ordered his capture at any price.

Attacked From All Sides.

Soldiers soon overtook the fugitives and there was no parleying. The group defending him was attacked from all sides, and it was in this fight, the dispatch says, that Stamboulisky was killed.

With his death passes one of the most interesting and picturesque figures in European political life. Born of humble parents, Stamboulisky, who was 44, was entirely self-educated. An idea of his thirst for knowledge may be gained from the fact that he married his school teacher, to whom he attributed most of his success in life.

He was as rugged physically as he was mentally, and usually overawed those who came into his presence by the very bigness of his frame. He had all the elements which in the popular mind go to make the dictator. He was more than six feet tall, his enormous head was covered with a wealth of black, curly hair, his small eyes looked sharply out over an upturned, kaiser-like mustache, and his tremendous jaw hinted of his unbounded energy. With this formidable physique went a thundering voice.

Once Newspaper Man.

Before the war Stamboulisky engaged in newspaper work, but later turned his attention to politics, in which he soon rose to the leadership of the peasants, who trusted him implicitly. When King Ferdinand threw Bulgaria's fortunes into the war on the side of Germany, Stamboulisky caused a sensation by telling the king that he would pay dearly for his folly.

"If you plunge this country and its peace loving people into an unnecessary war," he said, "you will pay for it with your head and your throne! The blood of the people will be upon your hands, and the judgment of God upon your soul! I warn you now of your folly."

The king stood aghast, speechless and pale. Then, regaining his composure, he replied curtly: "Well, others may lose their heads, too," and forthwith had Stamboulisky thrust into jail, where he remained throughout the war.

In that time he wrote a number of books principally on Socialism. When Ferdinand was dethroned in October, 1917, Stamboulisky was liberated and was called on to save the country. He formed a cabinet and held the office of premier continuously from that time until his sudden fall from power a few days ago.

Stamboulisky had intended to visit the United States this year in company with King Boris, but that plan was prevented by the disturbed political situation at home. In frequent conversations with newspaper men he emphasized his high admiration of the American people and the American system of government, and said that it was his wish that King Boris marry an American girl.

Stamboulisky, while premier, lived in a humble cottage near Sofia where he not only slept and had his meals but carried on the affairs of the government and received visitors. He was a man of great personal courage, but knew that his life was constantly in danger, and he never went to bed without putting a rifle by his side and stationing guards outside his house.

Deep Regret in London.

News of his death caused deep regret in diplomatic and official circles in London, where Stamboulisky was regarded as a sincere friend of the entente. Marquis Curzon and other British leaders came into contact with him at the Genoa, Hague and Lausanne conferences, and were impressed by his desire to retain the friendship of the allies, carry out the terms of the peace treaties and restore tranquility to the Balkans.

As a reward for Bulgaria's exemplary conduct since the war, under his leadership, the allies reduced the Bulgarian war indemnity from $450,000,000 to $100,000,000 and in the next 10 years the country will be required to pay only $17,000,000.

Stamboulisky was regarded by foreign officials as singularly successful in handling the difficult situation in which Bulgaria was placed by the war, but he was adversely criticized for introducing Utopian and revolutionary schemes of government and for his unrelenting attitude towards his adversaries. Unlike Mussolini, whom he greatly admired, Stamboulisky failed to realize the need for compromising with those who opposed him.

Nothing perhaps did more to alienate foreign and domestic sympathy and support from him than his summary trial and imprisonment of members of the Radoslavoff, Guechoff and Malinoff cabinets, all of whom at one time were his associates and who represented the brains of Bulgaria. At his instance those men were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment and ordered to pay to the Bulgarian people the entire cost of the war, which was something like $1,000,000,000.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

In a slump, with their last six games chalked in the loser's column, the New York Nationals are facing a serious problem to maintain their position as league leaders. Their swing through the western circuit, which gave the world's champions their first serious opposition, has found them somewhat wanting in the final drives to win.

In falling before St. Louis Sunday, 4 to 3, the Giants lost their fifth consecutive game to the Cardinals and placed themselves in a vulnerable position for the fast climbing Pittsburgh team.

Supporters of the Giants, however, decline to become pessimistic over their slump, declaring that like their habit of winning championships, it is becoming perennial. The first trip of the New York Nationals through the West last year met with consistently poor results. The total was but four victories out of 13 starts.

With thoughts of jinxes hovering over their new stadium banished, the New York American crew has shaken itself from a loser's rut back into the stride of a winner. Their blanking of Detroit, 9 to 0, before a crowd of 50,000 was an impressive performance. Joe Bush was responsible for the shutout, and it was the third such victory by Hugmen in five games.

The drive of western teams which seemed well under way a week ago has been somewhat checked by the easterners. In the National league Brooklyn blanked Cincinnati, 9 to 0; Philadelphia checked Chicago, 6 to 4, while the triumph of New York in the American over a western team was duplicated by Philadelphia's victory over Cleveland, 6 to 4.

Babe Ruth is closing up the gap between himself and "Cy" Williams for homerun honors. Babe obtained his 15th during the week, while the National league clouter's total remained at 20. Babe is leading in runs scored with 47 and in total bases with 121, which, besides his homers, include 13 doubles and five triples.

Fears New War

Judge John H. Clarke

Another World war impends, it is said by former Supreme Court Justice John H. Clarke, and he has appealed to the "young soldiers of the nation" to organize the country for peace. "War may come again in three years, it may come in 10," he said, "but it is inevitable. If they go earnestly about it, the three or four million young men in the United States can compel an organization in our country for peace such as has never been seen in any nation in the world."

CHILD BREATHES AFTER 24 HOURS

Successful X-Ray Treatment May Solve Mystery of Infant Deaths.

Using an X-ray to wither the thymus of a three-day-old baby, who faced death because of inability to breathe, Dr. Mary Halton of New York saved the infant's life after artificial respiration had been resorted to for 24 hours, it became known recently. The thymus gland is a mysterious organ found only in infants, the purpose of which long has puzzled physicians.

The baby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Schwartz, was brought to the New York infirmary for women and children 10 days ago. She appeared normal at birth, but two days later stopped breathing. The baby was rushed to the infirmary where tanks of oxygen were used to save her life.

Physicians explained that before birth a child does not breath and expressed the belief that the thymus gland, which normally atrophies after the child enters the world, has something to do with preserving life in the pre-natal months. X-ray examination revealed that the Schwartz baby's thymus gland refused to die and started growing. Dr. Halton then decided to apply a withering treatment by means of X-ray and the gland began to atrophy. Six hours after the treatment the child breathed normally.

Belief was expressed by doctors that the case opens an interesting possibility of saving many babies who die immediately after birth because they cannot be made to breathe. Physicians have been mystified over the reason for their deaths, but it is believed that the real cause may be an abnormal thymus gland.

FLAG IS EMBLEM OF HOPE, FAITH

Casts Radiance on World, Asserts Owsley in Birthday Talk.

A sick and exhausted world turns to the radiance of the Stars and Stripes as a revelation of hope and faith, asserted Alvin Owsley, national commander of the American Legion, in a statement commenting on the 146th birthday of the American flag, issued on June 14.

"We of the American Legion," said Commander Owsley, "have received the priceless tradition of flag reverence from our heroic comrades who wore the Blue and the Gray. They who fought in a cruel war and then became united in glorifying our nation's honor have entrusted us with the privilege of preserving their sublime faith in the lofty ideals symbolized in our starry banner.

"On this day, in Washington, the American legion has gathered the representatives of many patriotic and civic organizations, who will develop a definite code of rules so that every man, woman and child in this country may know how to honor and revere the American flag. From the maze of conflicting customs, there shall be established a few simple regulations to assist patriotic citizens in paying proper respect to the national banner.

"Let us not be ashamed to demonstrate our loyalty and affection for the flag. May we take pride in revealing this sentiment before our fellow country men, for it is a worthy and manly emotion."

Grade School Pupils Spell Down Yale Man

A Yale professor and a publisher were "spelled down" by seventh and eighth grade public school children in the annual contest between the children and the New Haven, Conn., Kiwanis club, when the two men and eight children had survived the preliminary rounds of the contest before a large audience. Failure to spell comparatively simple words floored the men.

Bold Men Kidnap Girl in New York

A pretty young woman, 19, was carried from a Bronx apartment house doorway last week by three men who, despite her screams and the presence of hundreds of persons, took her to a waiting taxicab and sped away.

Officials described the kidnaping as one of the most daring in the city's history.

SMITH BIG AID TO REPUBLICANS

Signing Liquor Repealer Will Kill Off Votes, Fess Thinks.

"Al" Smith, Democratic governor of New York, has performed an invaluable service for the Republican party, in the opinion of Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio.

Fess went to Washington to attend the Shrine convention since congress adjourned he had been speaking in Ohio, Indiana and other states.

Smith, by signing the bill repealing the New York state prohibition enforcement act, he believes, signed the death warrant of his party so far as its prospects for carrying the 1924 election is concerned.

Dr. Fess pointed out that Smith's services to the G. O. P. were unwilling. Smith, he says, intended to promote his political fortunes as a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination next year by becoming the champion of states rights, as against "federal tyranny" and the hero of personal liberty as against "bigoted fanaticism."

Forced Issue on People.

But what Smith did, the Buckeye statesman says, was this. He forced to the front as the paramount issue in the next Presidential campaign the question of nullifying the Constitution of the United States. He split asunder his party and solidified the Republican party. He may have promoted his chances for leading the Democratic nomination but he also has killed whatever chance the Democratic party had for electing its nominee.

What Smith did to the Democratic party as a whole, Senator Fess sees exemplified in what he has done to the party in Ohio.

That Buckeye Democrats are predominantly dry is indicated, in his opinion, by their nomination and election of "Vic" Donahey as governor. Had Donahey been wet, he believes, he never could have been nominated and would not be governor today.

Should Smith be nominated for President by the Democrats next year or should he and the wet forces behind him succeed in forcing a wet plank into the Democratic national convention thousands of Ohio Democrats, Senator Fess thinks, would bolt the party ticket and vote for the dry Republican nominee.

Leaders Are Disappointed

Senator Fess thinks the same thing would happen in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and other great pivotal states which the Democrats have been hopeful of carrying.

He pointed to expressions of keen disappointment from Democratic governors and senators in many states, as indicating the rank and file of their party are aroused over the bootleg brand Smith has stamped on the Democracy of his state.

Republicans, on the other hand, have been unified everywhere in support of President Harding's demand for rigid prohibition enforcement through state and federal cooperation.

Unless Senator Fess is mistaken "Al" Smith may prove, next to the President himself, to be the best asset of the Republican party in the 1924 campaign.

Yankese, New Tongue, Discussed by Profs

Attempts to create a new American language were discussed at the opening conference of British and American professors of English at Columbia university by Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton university, who declared that "the proposal to make a new American language to fit our enormous country may be regarded either as a specimen of American humor or a serious enormity."

Dr. Fred Newton Scott of the University of Michigan, said that the movement to improve American speech would do much to keep down the old bitterness between England and the United States.

How to build up your Weight

TO be under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them.

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